

1779

1929

Sesqui-Centennial  
of  
Barkhamsted, Connecticut









# **BARKHAMSTED IS 180 YEARS OLD, NO REUNION HELD**

Sept. 10, 1959

**Neighboring Town In-  
corporated in 1779 But  
No Special Observance  
Is Noted**

Today marked the 180th anniversary of the incorporation of the township of Barkhamsted. For a number of years an annual old home day was held there but interest in this has steadily declined and there has been no gathering since 1940 when the dedication of the new Barkhamsted cemetery was one of the features of the day.

More than 4,000 persons attended the centennial celebration on Sept. 10, 1879, of whom 625 signed the register. A special program marked the 10th annual reunion in 1889, on that date.


The order of exercises listed the following names: President, E. Dwight Cannon, Lucius Myron Stade, Hiram C. Brown, Miss Mary L. Hart, Mrs. Emma Carter Lee, William Wallace Lee, Capt. Henry R. Jones and others.

On Sept. 10, 1897 a reunion of special interest was held at the "Center" on the occasion of the dedication of the new Soldier's monument. This memorial, a beautiful but simple shaft of Barre granite, was made possible by the generosity of Walter S. Carter and numerous other contributors.

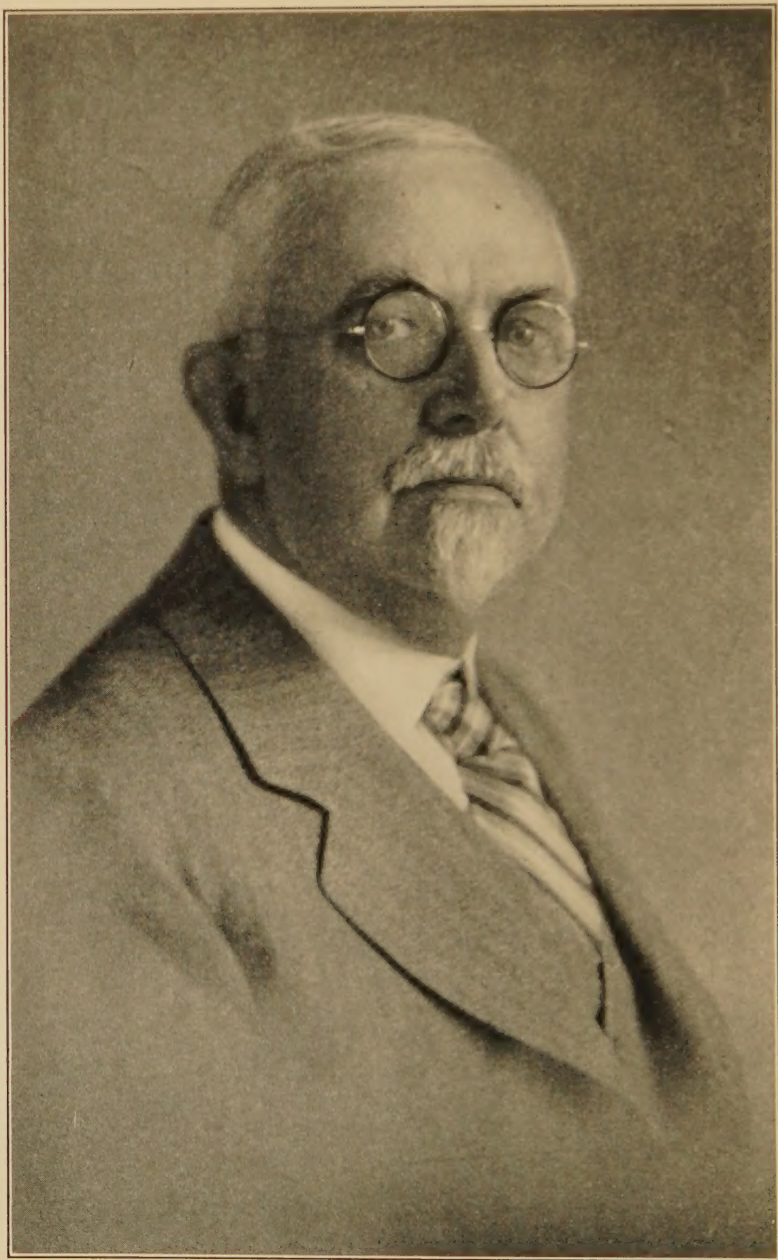
There is no information as to the attendance but it was esti-

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ORVILLE H. RIPLEY



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SESQUI-CENTENNIAL  
OF  
BARKHAMSTED, CONN.

TODAY AND YESTERDAY IN THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN

Compiled by  
ORVILLE H. RIPLEY,  
Master of Ceremonies and President of the Day



TO THE MEMORY  
OF THOSE WHO PLANTED HOMES  
IN THE WILDERNESS  
AND NOBLY FULFILLED THE DUTIES OF THEIR TIMES  
AND TO THEIR DESCENDANTS  
WHO HAVE EVER HELD ALOFT THESE IDEALS  
IN NATIONAL, CIVIC AND DAILY LIFE,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS DEDICATED





## FOREWORD

To-day is a day of speed. Therefore it is perhaps in keeping with the spirit of the times that, at the Sesqui-Centennial of our town, we compressed into one day the history of one hundred and fifty years. We gave a moving picture, as it were, of the events that have taken place in these hills and valleys since the first settlers came with their ox-teams, or on pillion or afoot, and made homes in the wilderness.

Our Sesqui-Centennial was a gala day. But it was not a day given over entirely to merrymaking, rather a time of reviewing and renewing those principles that have made our country what it is. For our ancestors had much to do with laying the foundations of those ideals of liberty and justice upon which our nation stands. In Connecticut was evolved the first written constitution of the world that was framed and adopted by the people themselves on the fundamentals of the Magna Carta. Population was sparse in those early days and undoubtedly the ancestors of those who took part in this Sesqui-Centennial had their share in that important work of centuries ago. When we think of the hardships of those early days, of the bitter struggle for the means of subsistence alone, our admiration and veneration rise at the thought of the great work they were also doing in nation building. It makes us proud and it makes us humble, for some of us to-day will scarcely give time or interest to casting a vote. Such occasions as our Sesqui-Centennial surely add fuel to our fires of patriotism by

carrying us, in thought, back to what our ancestors did that we might have the rich fruitage of freedom that is ours to-day.

The Sesqui-Centennial celebration is valuable in other ways. It not only shows us the valiant part played by the early settlers here in the building of a nation but it gives us a peep into their lives. We find they loved their Bibles; that they stood staunchly by their beliefs. The rugged granite of the hills seems to have been built into their character. That appellation so frequently used to-day, "soft", does not apply to them. We look back and wonder, that if we were placed in their situations, would we do as well, and involuntarily we perceive whether we are advancing or retrograding.

Thus our celebration gives us not only a day of happy reunions, but a day of measuring values, a day of looking backward at the heritage that has been given us, a day of study of ourselves and our pursuits as to just how we are using this gift from the past, a day of facing forward resolved that these ideals for which our forebears suffered so much shall not perish but shall be lifted even higher to inspire and encourage.

The small town is coming into its own. People are seeking it for its quiet, for its neighborliness, for the expression of ideals of civic righteousness so difficult to maintain in the crowded cities. Barkhamsted has a precious heritage of these qualities. We must not let them die out. Such celebrations as the Sesqui-Centennial help keep these ideals alive. In the ordinary routine of our daily work, we seldom stop to think what these hills and valleys have witnessed. It is well these celebrations bid us pause and, through con-

tact with out noble past, strengthen our hearts anew for the duties that lie ahead.

This volume gives you in permanent form the events of our Sesqui-Centennial celebration. I was asked by the Committee to compile a book that would present the day's events. I have endeavored to do this to the best of my ability and I hope those who read this account of the day's proceedings will feel again the inspiration of the occasion itself and will have their resolutions strengthened to maintain the high ideals for which Barkhamsted stands and has stood through the centuries.

ORVILLE H. RIPLEY.

Winsted, Connecticut,  
August 1, 1930.









LYMAN P. CASE

*Chairman of the Executive Committee*

## THE INCEPTION OF THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

A meeting of the Barkhamsted Centennial Association was held at the church at Barkhamsted Center, Monday afternoon, September 10, 1928, to discuss the matter of holding a sesqui-centennial celebration. President Warren E. Wheeler called the meeting to order, and after careful consideration of the project, the celebration was decided upon and Orville H. Ripley, Lyman P. Case, Luther M. Case, and Frank J. Church were appointed a committee to nominate members of the various necessary committees to arrange for the celebration.

These gentlemen immediately held an executive session for this purpose, Orville H. Ripley being chosen chairman and Henry C. Gidman acting as secretary, and the following committees were nominated:

Executive Committee: Lyman P. Case, Orville H. Ripley, Charles H. LeGeyt, Luther M. Case, Dwight B. Tiffany, Frank J. Church, C. Albert Honold.

Program Committee: Reverend Miles Tupper, William J. Day, Edward C. Johnson, Edward P. Jones, Chester Hart, Allan Langdon. Reverend Miles Tupper declined.

Entertainment Committee: Mrs. Delos O. Hart, Mrs. Charles H. LeGeyt, Miss Georgia Hart, Mrs. Frank J. Church, Mrs. Luther M. Case, Mrs. Walter E. Manchester, Mrs. C. Albert Honold, Mrs. Leon A. Coe, Mrs. George Ransom, Mrs. Helen Raley. Mrs. Hart resigned.

The Association accepted this report and these three committees were declared elected and the nominating committee dismissed.

Later, further committees were appointed as follows:

#### HONORARY MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MRS. S. ESTHER ANDREWS . . .	Winsted, Conn.
MR. TRESCOTT BARNES . . .	Riverton, Conn.
MRS. ELLEN BIRDEN . . .	Barkhamsted, Conn.
MR. AND MRS. DWIGHT S. CASE	Winsted, Conn.
MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL H. CASE	Barkhamsted, Conn.
MRS. FRANCES B. CLEVELAND .	Winsted, Conn.
MRS. AMENA COLLINS . . .	Southington, Conn.
MR. WALLACE DOWD . . .	New Hartford, Conn.
MR. C. W. ELLIS . . .	Barkhamsted, Conn.
MR. MONROE HART . . .	Barkhamsted, Conn.
MRS. AMANDA STANNARD HART	Winsted, Conn.
MRS. HENRY P. LANE . . .	Pleasant Valley, Conn.
MR. ALBERT E. MERRILL . .	Los Angeles, Calif.
MR. HEMAN MERRILLS . . .	East Granby, Conn.
MR. ORLO S. REXFORD . . .	Winsted, Conn.
EDWIN M. RIPLEY, M. D. . .	Unionville, Conn.
MRS. SUSAN RUIC . . .	West Hartland, Conn.
MR. TIMOTHY TIFFANY . .	Winsted, Conn.
MR. BURTON TIFFANY . . .	Barkhamsted, Conn.



## INVITATION COMMITTEE:

MISS ETHEL J. TIFFANY,  
*Chairman*  
 MRS. HARRY CHATFIELD,  
*Secretary*

MRS. ELLEN BIRDEN  
 MISS VELDA HONOLD  
 MRS. CHARLES N. LEGEY  
 MRS. CHARLES ROWLEY

## FINANCE COMMITTEE:

CHARLES H. LEGEY, *Chairman*  
 WALTER L. FRAZIER,  
*Secretary and Treasurer*

FRANK D. CASE  
 LEON A. COE

## ADVERTISING AND PUBLICITY COMMITTEE:

HAROLD S. CASE, *Chairman*  
 RALPH V. TIFFANY, *Secretary*

MRS. DELOS O. HART  
 ALCOTT ROWLEY

## DECORATIONS AND GROUNDS COMMITTEE:

JOHN W. WRIGHT, *Chairman*  
 HARRY CHATFIELD, *Secretary*  
 MARSHALL E. CASE  
 ROSCOE CASE  
 PENROSE CAWL

WILLIAM P. CAWL  
 RUSSELL CHURCH  
 MRS. LORENZO RANSOM  
 LORENZO RANSOM  
 AARON TEETER

MRS. HUBERT WRIGHT

## EXHIBIT OF ANTIQUES:

FRANK D. CASE, *Chairman*  
 CHARLES S. CORBITT, *Secretary*  
 MRS. ROSCOE CASE  
 MRS. LEON A. COE

MISS GEORGIA A. HART  
 CHARLES KING  
 MRS. WALTER E. MANCHESTER  
 WALTER E. MANCHESTER

CARLTON S. ROBERTS

## RECEPTION COMMITTEE:

MRS. JOHN W. WRIGHT,  
*Chairman*  
 MRS. WILLIAM J. DAY, *Secretary*  
 MRS. LOUIS BOETTNER

MRS. CHARLES T. NORTON  
 MRS. CARLTON S. ROBERTS  
 CHARLES ROWLEY  
 AARON TEETER

Upon the completion of the organization the Invitation Committee sent out the following letter:

We, in behalf of the citizens of the Town of Barkhamsted, do cordially invite all who are connected with the town either by birth, marriage, ancestry, former residence, or any interest, to join us in celebrating the 150th anniversary of the town. Though years have passed since you left us, we feel sure that memory often fondly turns to by-gone days.

Come with your husband, wife, sons and daughters; come and see the friends who have not forgotten you. We promise you a cordial old-time welcome.

The celebration will be held at Barkhamsted Center, September 10th, 1929. Program commences at 10 o'clock. A box lunch will be served at 12:15. Please inform us at an early date if you expect to be with us, by returning the enclosed card stating the number you expect to bring with you.

MISS ETHEL TIFFANY,  
MRS. ELLEN BIRDEN,  
MRS. CHARLES ROWLEY,  
MISS VELDA HONOLD,  
MRS. C. N. LEGEYT,  
MRS. HARRY CHATFIELD,  
*Invitation Committee.*  
REV. WARREN WHEELER,  
*President.*

Thus the celebration that resulted in such an enjoyable and inspiring day for the residents of Barkhamsted and vicinity was launched.

## PROGRAM OF THE DAY'S EXERCISES

The delightful program arranged was as follows:

### 10 O'Clock

PROCESSIONAL	Children of the Barkhamsted Schools
MUSIC	Central School Band, Winsted
INVOCATION	Rev. Warren E. Wheeler
ADDRESS OF WELCOME	Edward P. Jones
MUSIC	Band
POEM—ORIGINAL	Miss Laura LeGeyt
ADDRESS	Rev. Irving Berg, D. D.
WAR PERIODS	With Appropriate Songs

1775 Yankee Doodle

1812 Star Spangled Banner

1861 Battle Cry of Freedom

1918 Over There

BENEDICTION	Rev. Wilbur F. Wilson, Pleasant Valley
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### *Collation*

MUSIC	Band
POEM	Elisha W. Jones
HISTORICAL ADDRESS	Elliott B. Bronson
WINSTED ROTARY CLUB GIRLS' BUGLE AND DRUM CORPS	
ADDRESS	Lieutenant-Governor Ernest E. Rogers
ADDRESS	Secretary of State William L. Higgins
ADDRESS	George B. Utley
MUSIC	Band

### MISCELLANEOUS ADDRESSES

### AMERICA





## THE DAY IN DETAIL

Barkhamsted was early astir the day of the celebration. Many anxious looks were cast at the sky for clouds hung low and rain threatened. Indeed, for a time, it seemed problematical as to whether the program could be carried out or not. But Jupiter Pluvius was kindly. As the hour for the exercises drew near, the clouds lifted, the sun shone out, and the exercises went forward as planned.

Fifty years ago when the Centennial anniversary was celebrated, not an automobile was to be seen. On this occasion, scarcely a horse and buggy were in evidence. In fact, it would have been quite in order to have seen an airplane gracefully swoop down and unload its passengers for the affair.

Promptly at ten o'clock the exercises started. On the platform erected outside the Congregational church were the speakers of the day, the Master of Ceremonies, and the Rotary Band. American flags gave bright and patriotic decorations. In front of the platform the audience made a lively and attractive picture, the bright clothes of the women adding gay notes of color. The faint rustlings and whisperings of the many beautiful trees, as if the leaves were commenting on the gathering, perhaps comparing it with those of other years, the soft colors and curves of distant hills, the quiet dignity of the church, the interested faces of those present all combined to make an inspiring scene through which seemed to run an electric thrill as children of the Barkhamsted schools marched in.

A silence fell as Mr. Orville H. Ripley, Master of Ceremonies, rose and said:

Fellow citizens: We are much disappointed that the amplifiers which we expected would be installed, the better to aid you in fully enjoying the exercises of the day, have not been placed in position. Therefore, we shall have to ask you to be as quiet as possible in order that the speakers may be heard.

I have no apologies to make for my appearance here today. I thank the committee most heartily for the honor which they have conferred upon me in inviting me to preside. Thirty-two years ago that was my pleasure at the unveiling of the Soldiers Monument.

The 10th of September is a red letter day in the annals of Barkhamsted. For upwards of fifty years we have gathered here annually upon the 10th of September, in honor of our town.

Fifty years ago today we met to celebrate our 100th anniversary and to do homage to that little band of men and women who came into the wilderness to make homes for themselves and to found, for posterity, a larger degree of civilization. Eighteen years later we met again and upon the site upon which our forefathers erected the first building for the service of the worship of God, was raised a shaft carved from the granite hills of New England and dedicated to those brave men who suffered and died that we might enjoy a greater degree of civil and religious liberty, and that later, those privileges so dearly bought should be preserved to posterity and we remain an undivided nation.

To-day we meet to observe the one hundred and fiftieth Anniversary, to renew old acquaintances, and with a glad handclasp, welcome old friends and our many visitors, but above all, to renew our pledge of allegiance to the memory

of those who have gone before, and our devotion to those principles which actuated them thruout their lives.

It is altogether fitting that these services should begin with prayer by that man who for many years was the pastor of this church, and is the President of this Association, Rev. Warren E. Wheeler.

Mr. Wheeler came forward and as those present bowed their heads, offered the following invocation:

Our Father in Heaven we thank Thee because Thou art interested in all things that concern our living in this world of Thine, Thou art the Ancient of Days. A century, a century and a half or many centuries are but as a day in Thy reckoning. Because Thy mercy is everlasting we believe that Thou wilt look down with compassion upon this company gathered to celebrate the Sesqui-Centennial of the town of Barkhamsted. To Thee this is not anything old or unusual. Pardon our pride as we dwell upon and rejoice in the events connected with the last one hundred and fifty years. With a very few of us memory goes back for fifty years or more but Thou knowest all time, all events, all peoples. Grant that the spirit which animated those who have ennobled our history, may rest upon us who are the children of the past. May the ideals of these men and women, fathers and mothers, who have made a lasting impression upon those of yesterday and to-day, abide with us. Grant that this little corner of Barkhamsted in the Litchfield Hills may be a blessing to our state and nation. Bless those who are seeking to know the past history of our town by joining in these exercises and may we all remember that we belong to Thee. In the name of Christ we make this petition. Amen.

## THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Mr. Edward P. Jones, the first speaker on the program, was introduced, by the Chairman, as follows:

In the historical address delivered by William Wallace Lee fifty years ago from this platform, he made the statement that the first settler of this town was Pelatiah Allen, who came here and settled just across the New Hartford line, and that the second settler was Israel Jones, who founded a home in the extreme northeastern portion of the town near the Hartland line. So far as we know, but one of the descendants of Mr. Allen is now living in or near this vicinity, Mr. Orlo S. Rexford, but many of the progeny of Mr. Jones are residents of New England and some of them of the State of Connecticut. It therefore seemed especially fitting that the address of welcome should be delivered by the great-great grandson of one of these early settlers, Israel Jones, and it is my great pleasure to introduce at this time Mr. Edward P. Jones of Winsted, Connecticut.

Mr. Jones then delivered the following address of welcome:

MR. CHAIRMAN, INVITED GUESTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We have met to-day to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the Town of Barkhamsted.

In the arrangements of the day I have been given the easiest and most pleasant task of all, that of welcoming you back to the old town. When the children come home the father and mother do not usually make a speech telling





EDWARD P. JONES  
who gave the address of welcome





them they are welcome. They know they are welcome, and so to-day you know you are welcome, but we want the pleasure of telling you so, and I am pleased to have been given the privilege. I think that possibly we may appreciate our welcome a little more, if we stop for a moment and consider the past and realize what our grandfathers during the last dozen generations have gone through to give us the wonderful heritage we now enjoy. In the one hundred and fifty years, which have elapsed since Barkhamsted was incorporated, the world has made more material progress than in all the thousands of years that preceded it. Our necessities have grown with the years, and all of our wants have been provided for.

Our comforts and pleasures have increased a hundred-fold, and it is wonderful how we are able to satisfy them, but our ancestors knew no such super abundance. Theirs was a different life. Let us go back in our thoughts not to one hundred and fifty years but three hundred years, and then go back still another fifty and note the conditions that prevailed at that time.

Barkhamsted was settled by men and women of English ancestry.

They left England because there was strife and persecution, and bloodshed. What we know as civil and religious liberty was unknown to them. In 1586 practically three hundred and fifty years ago, a committee of forty-four bishops, lawyers and others was given power to punish, fine and imprison anyone in England, who believed differently from the teachings of the established church. A hundred years later two hundred and thirty-three ministers were suspended in six counties in a single year. At one time or

another one-fourth of all the ministers in England were either suspended or silenced, and their supporters driven from their homes. Both civil and religious troubles developed and a struggle between Protestantism and Romanism raged with persecution following persecution. Now the king was on one side and now on the other. In 1629, exactly three hundred years ago, the King, Charles I, dissolved Parliament and ruled as an absolute monarch for eleven years. Many Protestants were obliged to flee the country. Driven from their homes, our ancestors crossed the Atlantic with a few of their possessions, only to find the bleak shores of New England inhabited by Indians. During the next five years about five thousand Puritans gathered in Cambridge and the vicinity of Boston. It is said that at that time there were only six million English speaking people in all the world. Now there are something like five hundred million. The settlement became so congested that it was necessary for them to again move on. There was only one way in which they could go viz: toward the west, and so began anew the march of civilization, which commences somewhere on the plains of Persia, near the beginning of history.

Besides the congestion in the colony on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, strife and dissension arose, and the life of the colonists was hard. Men were sent out to view the country and in their journeyings led by friendly Indians they discovered the Connecticut River, and its tributaries.

They reported that the valley was fertile, and that the streams and forests abounded with fish and game. It was called the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. In 1636 practically three hundred years ago, the Rev. Thomas Hooker left Newtown with a party and journeyed to Hart-

ford. Just before this, Windsor was settled, and a little later Wethersfield, the three towns that later formed the colony of Connecticut. This company "was composed of one hundred men, women and children. They took their departure from Cambridge, and travelled more than a hundred miles through a hideous, trackless wilderness to Hartford. They had no guide but the compass, and made their way over mountains, through swamps, thickets and rivers which were passable only with great difficulty. They had no cover but the heavens, and no lodgings but such as nature afforded them. They drove with them one hundred and sixty head of cattle beside swine, goats, and other animals. They subsisted on the way on milk of their cows together with corn meal mush boiled in huge kettles hung over the fire. Mrs. Hooker was borne through the wilderness on a litter. The people generally carried their packs, arms and utensils. They were a fortnight on the journey."

The period, from the settlement of the colony in 1635 or 1636 to the time of the Revolutionary War and the incorporation of the town, was full of privation and struggle. Indians had to be fought, forests subdued, houses built, town and state governments created.

The history of these times reads like a romance. The accomplishments of these early settlers, some of whom were well educated, and some of whom only signed their names by making a mark, seems almost miraculous, when we consider how limited were their advantages.

The necessity of procuring a living coupled with the privation of the time produced wonderful men. They could steal a bride, hide a charter, or write a constitution. One gave them an evening's pleasure when the groom had

to pay for the party. One gave them land extending toward the setting sun with no limit to the boundary. The other gave them a charter of human liberties for which they had given up their homes and crossed the Atlantic. This constitution of the colony was later copied and made the constitution of the State and Nation. It was and is generally known as the first constitution ever penned by the hand of man.

Probably the first settlers of Barkhamsted came into town on foot or in saddle. Very likely the men came afoot with the women on horseback. Possibly both walked with the children and the few household and farm utilities piled on the faithful horse. One of my ancestors journeyed from Boston to the Connecticut valley leading his horse. On the horse was his wife carrying a small child in her arms, and in a double basket placed over the horse's shoulders ahead of the wife were two small boys, one in each basket, and the town in which he settled raised a monument one hundred and fifty years later to his memory. Such was the material of which New England Yankees were made.

I have here a pillion, which has been handed down in my family for several generations.

Possibly Jerusha Clark, wife of Captain Israel Jones, second white settler of Barkhamsted, rode on it when she came here about 1760. She with her husband crossed the Connecticut River at Enfield, passed through the towns of Suffield and Granby and followed one of the streams which rise in the extreme northeast corner of the town. They settled in a small valley in which there were probably no signs of Indians, raised a family, and made history for themselves.



At the time of the Revolutionary War every male member of the family over ten years of age was in the army. One was a Captain, one was a Colonel, one a Sergeant and a member of the Lexington party, two others were privates and a son-in-law was also in the army. Did you ever stop to think that when the men were away in the war the women and children not only had to provide for themselves, but they had to raise beef and grain, to be sent to the army, and make clothes for the soldiers at night. Captain Israel Jones was one of the twenty-five citizens of Barkhamsted who petitioned the General court January 10, 1774 for the incorporation of the town. I mention these incidents simply to show the calibre of these early settlers. Your ancestors too were deserving of similar praise. I remember my father telling me of the time when his father or grandfather became the possessor of a four-wheeled wagon. There were neither iron axles nor springs, but it was a wagon, and before the settlers could have a wagon there must be a road. It is perfectly marvelous what these men did. If we do as much in our day our children may well look upon us with pride. Probably nothing here today illustrates the change from the past more than the pillion. From the bridle path and the pillion, we have changed to the hard surface road and the one hundred horse-power automobile.

It is interesting to note that the persons who came to this celebration in a second-hand auto, if there be any such, travelled faster, and with greater ease and comfort, than any king or monarch ever journeyed from the foundation of the world to the time when Barkhamsted was first settled. Probably fifty years hence our children will fly

through the air, and these splendid roads we have built, and over which we can easily go fifty miles or more per hour, will be only used for freight.

Just over the line another settler came. He and his wife were the first permanent settlers of Hartland. Israel Jones was my great-great-grandfather on my father's side, and Thomas Giddings my great-great-grandfather on my mother's side. It is a privilege for me to point to these settlers when I talk to my children, the same as it is a privilege for you to point to your ancestors when you talk to your children.

They were wondrous men and women and no matter where you go or how great you may become you can feel pride in being welcomed back to old Barkhamsted. Just fifty years ago, the year of our centennial celebration, Edison discovered the electric light. Since that time, we have gone a long way, but in my opinion we have only just started. Great sources of power are being developed. Every ounce of energy thus produced adds to human comfort and happiness.

If the early settlers of Barkhamsted wished light after dark, they had to hunt and kill wild game, when it was fat, try out the oil, put it in a dish and lay a piece of wicking in one side. If they desired tallow, which was the usual method of lighting, one of the cattle must be killed, the tallow tried out, wicking procured from away or made from wool or flax, and the candles run in a mold. I have seen both of these ways in use. If fire was to be had it must be covered carefully at night in the fireplace. If it went out, it must be obtained from a neighbor's, perhaps several miles away. How different, how very different now.



It has taken fifty years to develop the ability to use electricity to the extent we do to-day. I understand that Mr. Frank Church, who lives between here and the Green has signed a contract that will supply electricity for his use during the next ten years. Fifty years ago electricity was defined as "both the name and cause of an unknown phenomena."

To-day our definition may be much the same, but our ability to handle it has increased a thousandfold. What can the Barkhamsted farmer do with electricity? It furnishes him with power to saw and split his wood, and do any mechanical work even to a million horse-power. It will milk his cows, groom his horses, churn his butter or grind his grain. For his wife, it will wash her clothes or her dishes. It will clean her floors, run her sewing machine, or wave her hair. It lights her house, as it never was lighted before. Soon it will heat the homes and do it better than coal or wood at the present time. It is conducted over waves, and before long it will be shot through space like radio waves, which instruct or entertain us from a thousand stations, and enable us to listen to Big Ben in the tower of London or talk with Byrd at the South Pole. Where does it come from? From the streams where the water has been running to waste for a million years. Did you know that if the current should be shut off to-day at the producing station, Barkhamsted could get electricity from Niagara Falls or Chicago. Such is a fact, and all it takes to set a million horsepower surging in any one direction is to press a button which operates a switch.

What would our ancestors of fifty or one hundred and fifty or three hundred and fifty years ago have thought

of this? They could not have understood it. Neither can we, but we can enjoy it and in the midst of all this prosperity, and at a time when we are at peace with all the world, we can come back to Barkhamsted, the place where our ancestors loved and labored, and we, their children have inherited the fruit of their labors.

My friends, I have the honor and pleasure to extend to you the welcome that is yours, yours by right of birth, yours by possession, yours for present enjoyment and future happiness. In the name of Barkhamsted, past and present, I welcome you.

A selection by the band followed. Referring to this as he introduced the next speaker, Mr. Ripley said:

Mr. Jones in his address called attention to the wonderful advancement that had been made in our country in many fields. There is probably none greater than in the advancement which has been made in our schools and in the school system. An illustration of it is before you. Not a member of the band which is furnishing you the music here to-day, had an instrument in his hands until the first of last January. You have listened to the result. The same progress applies to all activities of school work.

When I attended school in Barkhamsted, it was the exception, decidedly the exception, for any boy to attend a high school. To-day Barkhamsted has thirty-eight, so I am informed by the supervisor of this district, thirty-eight children attending Gilbert High School. Among those is Miss Laura LeGeyt who has prepared for you to-day, an original poem which she will now read.





HENRY C. GIDMAN

*For sixteen years Secretary and Treasurer of the Barkhamsted Centennial Association*

Here the Chairman paused expecting Miss LeGeyt to appear. But this young lady was at school and so the reading of her poem was postponed until the afternoon exercises. Mr. Ripley then called upon the next speaker on the program, Reverend Irving Husted Berg, D. D., saying as he introduced him:

The next speaker is a man known to the majority of those present, but for those who may not be acquainted with him I will say that he is a minister of the Gospel and a man of most pleasing personality. For a number of years he was pastor of the South Congregational Church of Hartford. At present he is serving the people of the Fort Washington Collegiate Church of New York City.

It is a compliment to the town and to its citizenry as well as a tribute to his own good judgment that for ten years he has chosen to pass his leisure hours in this town, wandering over its wonderful mountains, basking in the sunshine of its beautiful valleys, calling it "home". I will now introduce Dr. Irving Berg, of Barkhamsted and New York City.

Mr. Berg spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL:

The honor is all the other way round. I am greatly pleased to have a part in the program here to-day. No one could possibly have spent ten years in this region as we have done without being in love with this beautiful part of the world.

The celebration of one hundred and fifty years in the life of any community is of more than local interest. What has transpired on these rugged hills and in these fertile



valleys is in a sense part of the fabric from which the life of America has been woven. If we here to-day, pause long enough to gain some conception of the contribution the men and women of the Barkhamsted of the past have made, not alone to this community but to the world outside of it, we will not have celebrated our Sesqui-Centennial in vain. For surely the main object in recalling the history of the past, its achievements and its failures, is that we may receive inspiration for the present tasks of life and an urge toward the great adventure of the future. In the place of the fathers, come the children. Unhappy indeed is the lot of those children who are brought up in ignorance of the background of their own lives. It may be that ignorance of the past is a fundamental cause of much that makes for unrest and unhappiness in our modern world. To breathe the air of these beautiful hills and gaze upon the lovely scenery of which they are a part, is in itself well worthwhile. To appreciate something of the human drama here enacted since the days of Pelatiah Allen and Stephen Chubb is perhaps no less valuable! And what a stage was set for the first settlers! Such trees and hills and rivers! Such wild life, with game and fish in abundance, with bears and catamounts, panthers and wolves—is it any wonder that the trusty rifle was as indispensable to domestic tranquillity as the “spider” or the axe? Since coming here as a summer resident, nearly one hundred and fifty years after the incorporation of Barkhamsted, I have seen deer, foxes, woodcock, partridge, black and canvas-back ducks, the blue heron, the great horned owl, the eagle, the hawk, the muskrat and the weasel—to mention but a few that have tarried for a bit along the east branch of the Farmington River.



If I should tell you of some of the scenes enacted in the woods and along the river before the delighted eyes of my family and myself, some would surely cry "nature fakir;" but you all know that bass and pickerel and trout are still found in the waters of Barkhamsted, and that the fun of catching them and the delight of eating them, has not changed since the days of our fore-fathers. If this is so—what must have been the virgin forest of that early day? Here and there we still see a noble oak, a gigantic maple, a group of lordly hemlocks, or the majestic white pine, to remind us of those days when men came from near and far to get masts for their vessels and timber for all purposes. Upward of forty saw-mills have at one time and another been in operation along the rivers of Barkhamsted. What a wooded section this was and how teeming with the wild life of the forest! Now all this entered into the life-blood of the early settlers. They must have developed rugged constitutions under the conditions of every day life. If they did not, they could not long survive the rigors of the climate and the hardships of the pioneer. They must also have had courage and endurance, resourcefulness and inventiveness; and as one reads the story of those early struggles he sees that such was indeed the case. This in a deep sense, is the abiding contribution of rural New England to the life of America. If we of to-day are proud of the industrial and intellectual achievements of New England, and I think any fair-minded American ought to be, it is in no small measure because of this inheritance. What else can be the result of the environment of that day? If anyone here this morning, who has rolled comfortably in his car over our fine new road to attend these exercises,

wants first-hand information as to how different was a journey from place to place in those days, let him come with me up east mountain, along an old lumber road I know, and I will show him a view which will amply repay the trouble. Incidentally he will see the ruins of a house of a hundred years ago, when logs burned in its fire-place and smoke curled up its chimney, which even the unarmed and untrained woodsman of to-day can readily see for himself, must have been a haven of refuge from wild beasts and lurking savages.

And here again, we come upon an early influence, which has had abiding results in the life of the present. When the settler first came to these parts, he was forced by the very hardness of his life to get along with the barest necessities. Indeed at one time, the inhabitants of Barkhamsted were so poor that they petitioned the General Assembly at Hartford to excuse them from paying taxes. If you consult the State Library you will find the original petition in the archives and in it some interesting items. For one thing, the men who drew it called attention to the fact that they were few in number, that the land was very rough and heavy with timber, and that they were for the most part "in ye younger part of life, and had numerous families of small children, which is as much as they can possibly do to support." They had then (1780) neither meeting-house nor school-house, nor minister. But they were sensible of their limitations and only a year later, on April 20, 1781 the first church was formed. It was no small item in the list of the good qualities of the fore-fathers that they had the determination to care for the spiritual interests of their growing families, even though the difficulties

of providing the very necessities of life for them, was so great and pressing a problem. That there was sharp difference of opinion over matters connected with the subsequent history of the religious life of Barkhamsted, in no wise detracts from the basic fact that the essential need of the community for things of the spirit was so early recognized and met. That this quality has been transmitted through the years, is amply attested by the very Society before whose meeting-house these commemorative exercises are held. In proportion to the resources of the community and the comparative smallness of the population, the churches at Riverton, Pleasant Valley, Washington Hill and here at the Center, give eloquent testimony to the fact that Barkhamsted still cares for the things of the spirit in accord with the high ideals of her inheritance. Like the grandfathers and grandmothers we still do not agree on all things pertaining to religion; but we do agree that the community needs churches and we meet that need for to-day, even as they met it for their day. Under the urge of necessity, education and religion cost our ancestors dear; but there is a rugged quality in the New England conscience, a hatred of sham and subterfuge in the New England culture, which is a traditional inheritance, born of the ruggedness of the rocks and the hardness of the soil, which seems to have penetrated the very soul of the people. One might with profit pursue this subject far—but this is not the time or the place for such philosophizing. We cannot, however, carry from this celebration anything finer than the impression of the cumulative influence on the lives of the early folk who were born and lived and died among these delectable mountains,” of all that to this day shines

so clearly in the face of nature all about us. It is this quality that carries thought over the years and through intervening space to this spot and makes those who know it, so happy to return here year after year for physical and spiritual refreshment.

We find that as time went on the inhabitants of these parts developed industries and habits, occupations and pursuits in keeping with their surroundings. Today the lover of the furniture of the past will go far to match the beauty and utility of the chairs which were so well made in the town of Barkhamsted. He will find many other useful articles made from the wood, once so abundant all about here, to remind him of the adaptability of the men of an earlier day to that which they found at hand for the sustenance of life. If these pioneers had devoted themselves to farming exclusively or had sat down to bewail the unproductiveness of their soil, they could hardly have left behind them any enduring monument to their sterling qualities of mind and heart. And is it not this lesson which modern America so greatly needs? We find even in Barkhamsted to-day, those who are discontented with their lot in life and who seek the first opportunity to find fame and fortune elsewhere. With the adventurous spirit of youth and that eternal urge which bids us seek new scenes and fresh opportunities, we surely have no quarrel. Out of such a motive boys and girls from the hills of New England have gone forth from the earliest days to conquer the world. So well have they done the task, that I want to raise the question whether the time has not come for a return to the redemption of New England. The old pioneer spirit is needed, the old qualities of industry, frugality,



adaptability, courage and idealism are demanded for the new opportunity in old "New England." Those of you who have at least the "makings" of the spirit of adventure, should turn the wheels of your Cadillacs, your Rolls-Royces, or your Fords, away from the state roads of modern automobile congestion and get out on the dirt roads of rural New England. You might begin with Barkhamsted! We can show you hereabouts the raw material of the new adventure. You whose boast is how well the "old boiler" climbs on high or how smoothly it rides over the highways, might take a turn on Centre Hill. I predict that you will return, humbled in spirit and thankful for the first sight of the new road from Pleasant Valley! But I hope you will bring back from any such venture on the undeveloped highways of this, or any other bit of rural New England you may choose, something vastly more important. If you are observing and appreciative of what you observe, you will bring back with you the memory of a countryside which is full of charm and opportunity. If only enough of us imbibe this spirit of appreciation for the natural beauties of the country, the time is not far distant when roads will be built and highways sufficiently improved to make this wealth of healthful beauty accessible. With modern transportation developed to its present high degree, so that all really good roads are already crowded beyond endurance, with the newer transportation by the air only in its infancy but bound to develop a hundred fold in the next decade—what a chance for the reclaiming of the abandoned farms of New England as places of residence for those who may hop off East Hartland mountain and be in Brainard Field in Hartford in twenty minutes! This is no idle dream. It is

sober fact and those who see it and get back to the open spaces; who sit as did their fathers before them under their own vine and fig-trees; who bring up their children in the great outdoors, where God meant men to live—and do it first—will have, I verily believe—more claims on the gratitude of posterity than even those splendid souls whom we to-day revere as the first settlers along the branches of the Farmington.

You who have gone out from Barkhamsted in the past and know what a garden-spot is here, should be among the first to encourage such a return to the soil. For many of you it will be impractical to live again the year round in this part of the world. But when you buy your summer home, why not come back *home*, instead of going afar to find less attraction and vastly more expense? If you fear that the Hartford Water Board is going to drown out the town of Barkhamsted, just go in to the office of the Engineer of the Board in Hartford and ask to see the map of the great lake it proposes to add to the scenic beauty at our doors. If you are discouraged by the barren fields and broken stumps of an earlier prodigality, just ask the Connecticut Forestry Commission how you may have a hand in the reforestation of a few acres of this part of the world. In any event, let there be born as the child of this Sesqui-centennial a new spirit of adventure and of hopefulness for the future of this region. If possible, have a hand in its reclamation. Let the courage and resourcefulness, the idealism and stick-to-it-iveness of the early days see here a rebirth to an ever greater fulfillment.





### THE TIFFANY ELM

This tree, reputed to be the second largest elm in Connecticut, stands on the farm owned by Mrs. Clarence Snow but formerly the property of Consider Tiffany. It was planted by Mr. Tiffany to provide shade for his well, and although in the town of Hartland, is so intimately associated with the traditions of so many of the old families of the town, it seems fitting to include it among the illustrations of this volume.

*Photo by courtesy of Henry C. Gidman*



## A PAGEANT OF THE COUNTRY'S WARS

A pageant representing the country's war periods followed. Mrs. Laurence H. Roberts who had the affair in hand said in introducing it:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Neighbors and Visitors: We are to have a brief pageant in memory of the departed and in honor of the living soldiers of Barkhamsted, who served their country in time of war. We will have a color guard to represent the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, and the World War. Barkhamsted was, of course, represented in the Mexican War and in the Spanish-American War, but it was thought advisable to attempt to illustrate only these four major wars. We had expected to have a thirteen-starred flag to represent the Revolution, but, at the last moment it turned out to have forty-eight stars. So we are going to ask the audience to please bear with us and overlook any discrepancies which may appear in the costumes or equipment. There are printed songs with the programs appropriate to each of these periods. As each group marches before you, will you please all join in and sing the song with the band.

We have first, of course, the Revolution. Barkhamsted, though little settled at that time, was well represented.

While the band played and the audience sang Yankee Doodle, Edward Day and Edward Cahur of Barkhamsted, and George Gower of East Hartland, dressed in Colonial costumes, and carrying antique rifles, marched from the church around the grounds and back to the church.

Mrs. Roberts then said, Now we have the War of 1812. Barkhamsted was, in lesser degree, represented here.

Andrew Sterpka, Charles Day, and David Day, all of Barkhamsted, dressed in costume, presented this period, to the tune of The Star Spangled Banner.

Mrs. Roberts then announced, Next we have the boys in blue, who served during the Civil War. Barkhamsted was, at that time, at about the peak of its population, so more men from here served then than in any other war. The veterans of this war are fast becoming only a memory. All honor to their memory and, while we still have them, all honor to the few remaining veterans.

While the audience sang "The Battle Cry of Freedom", this period was presented by Marshall Case, Roscoe Case, and Leroy Teeter, dressed in Civil War uniforms.

Mrs. Roberts stated next, And last we have the boys who served more recently, in the World War. Many of these served in the field in France; others who did their duty equally well in training camps in this country. These boys, or those of them who returned to us, are still young men. Let us give all honor to the memory of our heroic soldier dead, and let us respect our living veterans of all wars for the service they gave their country in time of war.

To the tune of "Over There" this period was represented by the Rev. James Hammond of the Washington Hill church, dressed in the blue of the U. S. Navy as color bearer, with John R. Reitemeyer of Pleasant Valley and Laurence H. Roberts of Riverton as color guards. The latter two were dressed in the olive drab U. S. Army uniforms which they wore in the World War.

This concluded the first half of the program and the Master of Ceremonies in dismissing the audience said:

The exercises of the morning will be concluded with the benediction. We shall gather here immediately after the collation for the afternoon exercises. It is the wish of the committee in charge that a book shall be published giving the history of the day and containing the speeches and the historical address. If this is to be accomplished, it will be necessary to obtain rather a goodly number of subscriptions to such a work. I am assured by the Chairman of the committee in charge that if a sufficient number can be secured tentatively, that such a publication can be gotten out at a maximum expense of \$1.50 per volume. A paper will be circulated and those of you who wish to subscribe will please see the secretary of the association, Mr. Gidman and sign up for the number of copies that you would like to receive.

The benediction will now be pronounced by the Rev. Wilbur F. Wilson, pastor of the Pleasant Valley Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Wilson's benediction was the well known—

Now may the grace, mercy and peace of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, the love of God, the Father, and the Communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit rest upon us and abide with us now and ever more.

The intermission was a most enjoyable interval. The chatter of voices rose high as friends visited, acquaintances were renewed, and many who had not seen each other for years exchanged experiences. The Entertainment Committee had solicited donations of food and a most delicious



luncheon was served the food being handed out cafeteria style, as it was done at the Centennial celebration fifty years before.

Many visited the exhibit of antiques arranged by Mr. Frank D. Case in a tent across the road from the church. This exhibit was open all day and as catalogued by Mr. Case included:

"The Practice of Christianity, From Church-court in Black-friars, London, Aug. 23, 1618," found in the house which belonged to Richard Adams.

A panel from one of the old church pew doors.

A whip made by John Barber of Wallins Hill, for driving a four-horse team.

A heavy double lock padlock which belonged to Japhet Case of Washington Hill.

A broad axe which belonged to Consider Tiffany who was a Tory. He lived on Center Hill just over the line in Hartland.

A Masonic apron made of lamb's skin and hand painted, which belonged to Jehiel Case, a member of Northern Star Lodge No. 58, F. & A. M. Initiated Nov. 16, '20. Passed Feb. 15, '21. Raised Oct. 11, '21. Tyler '24-'27. Last attendance Dec. 27, 1848. Jehiel Case lived on Washington Hill, a large farmer, Justice, Representative from the town 1842, died 1872.

Northern Star Lodge was instituted Sept. 7, 1820, in the house across the street from the Congregational Church, and now owned by Mr. Corbitt.

John Merrell, 60 years old, seven times the representative from the town, a soldier of the Revolution, and Town Clerk, was the first candidate. In 1821, thirteen were initiated. The first Masonic funeral in Barkhamsted was that of Alvin Squire, W. M., held April 10, 1823. In 1823, thirteen were initiated. June 24, 1825, St. John's day was observed at East Hartland. In 1826 Hira Case was W. M. and Jehiel Case, Tyler. In 1840 Merlin Merrill was W. M. The last meeting of the lodge to be held in Barkhamsted was in Dec. 1848, then the lodge moved to New Hartford.

An old Hartford Times of 1834 in which was this item regarding Washington Hill, formerly named Horse Hill. "Washington Hill is a small district of country about two miles square, lying about northeast of the town of Simsbury, and is embraced in the east part of Barkhamsted, north part of Canton, and the west corner of Granby. It has been for about eighty years last past called and known by the name of Horse Hill.

"I am informed that the following circumstance gave rise to its name. It was the custom of the early inhabitants of that country while yet their land was uncultivated and before they had either fields or fences, to turn their horses and cattle into the wood and permit them to range the forests for their sustenance, while the principal means by which they were wonted, was that of frequently salting them, for this they had particular places assigned, with which their horses and cattle soon became acquainted, and very fond of visiting. Horse Hill it is said was one of those places, and derived its name from that incident. There is now a very neat and convenient brick Church situated about in its center, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal

Church, and was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on Thursday the 16th, in a sermon from Isaiah 2 chapter, 2nd and 3rd verses. The audience was crowded and apparently intelligent. After divine service was concluded their Pastor, Rev. Daniel Coe, stated to the congregation that he had a desire to change the name of that place, and upon considerable reflection he had fixed upon a name in which he thought they would all readily concur. It was that of Washington Hill, and if the inhabitants were pleased to adopt it they might signify their pleasure by a rising vote, whereupon the whole assembly arose and it was accordingly pronounced Washington Hill."

A shoemaker's leather kit, containing patterns etc., which belonged to Richard Adams. Richard Adams was a private in Cap. Abel Pettibone's Company, Second Cont. R., May 4th to Dec. 10th, 1775. He was a resident in 1775, lived in the Hollow and probably built the old house which stood just South of the Universalist Church. He died in 1809 and was buried at the Center.

A book entitled "A Collection of Some Principale Rules and Maximes of the Common Lawes of England" written by Sir Francis Bacon and printed in London in 1630. In 1826 Jehiel Case brought up a load of sled-length logs. When splitting one of the logs which was hollow, this book was found embedded in the log. The only way this could be accounted for is that the place, on which the tree grew, was formerly owned by a surveyor named Kimberly, and that this book was placed in the tree and forgotten and the tree grew together enclosing the book. Jehiel Case was born on Washington Hill, Barkhamsted in 1797.

A wooden plow with an iron point, which formerly belonged to Deacon Virgil Taylor of Pleasant Valley.

A seraphine which formerly belonged to Mrs. Jane Merrell who was born in 1820 and died in 1876.

A pulpit taken from the old church in Barkhamsted, which was built in 1784.

A photostat copy of an old deed dividing the lands of Hartford and Windsor in 1731-2, and a map of same, which includes Barkhamsted.

There were exhibited by Walter Manchester and Frank Case about two hundred each of Barkhamsted Indian relics, consisting of arrow heads, tomahawks, and pestles.

The following taken from a report of a convention of North and South Consociations of Litchfield County, Connecticut, held in Litchfield July 7, 8, 1852 proved interesting. "Rev. Samuel J. Mills was a native of Kent, graduated from Yale College in 1764, ordained the first pastor of Torrington in 1769, and died there in 1833 after being pastor of the same church 64 years. He gives this experience of his ministry, by saying: Once I went to Barkhamsted to preach; my pocket was full of written sermons. But one text which I had never used, would employ all my thoughts. I culled over my manuscripts, but God would have me take that new text 'Wherefore do the wicked live?' I went into the pulpit all raw and dark. My doctrine was, the wicked live for the benefit of the righteous. As I went on to illustrate it, I looked out at the window and said, the wicked live to cut down these great hemlock trees for the righteous. Much as ever, he added, have the people of Barkhamsted forgiven me to this day."



Many expressed the hope that Mr. Case will place these historic articles where they can be preserved and become a permanent exhibit.

The amplifiers which at the opening of the exercises in the morning had not been in position had in the meantime been installed, thus enhancing the enjoyment of the affair.

The afternoon program opened with music by the band after which Mr. Ripley said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

This morning in introducing the gentleman who delivered the address of welcome, I referred to the fact that Mr. Israel Jones was the second settler in the town of Barkhamsted. Fifty years ago the great, great grandson of this Mr. Israel Jones, wrote and delivered an original poem at that celebration. He was then a young man, scarcely out of his teens. He has lived long to tell the story and is with us again to-day with another original poem and I assure you I take much pleasure in introducing at this time, Mr. Elisha W. Jones of Winsted.

Mr. Jones spoke as follows:

I suppose there is some excuse, possibly, for a young man to write a poem for an occasion like this but I haven't heard of any excuse for a man to do it over again fifty years later.

I read a receipt a short time ago "How to concoct or build a speech or a poem." It said "Take one thought, two smiles and plenty of shortening." Now if you will furnish the smiles, I am going to make it short.



## THE HOMELAND

The Homeland! O, the Homeland  
land

The land of our fathers birth  
The Homeland! Yes, Our Homeland  
land

What dearer spot on earth!

There is grandeur of hill and  
mountain

There is beauty of river and  
glen

But there's rock in fields and  
hilltops

And there's granite in its men.

The Homeland! O, the Homeland  
land

Of the years long gone we sing  
To the Homeland! Yes, to our  
Homeland

Our tribute of song we bring.

Three things our fathers brought  
across the sea

Along with heavy freight of  
hopes and fears

On which to found, what was  
to be

This land of ours in coming  
years.

They brought the Church, their  
inborn right

To worship God in His own  
way;

The entrance of His word gave  
light

This spire-crowned hill taught  
them to pray.

They brought the school, the  
right to know

The love of learning, old and  
new,

The power that knowledge gives,  
and so

They built more wisely than  
they knew.

They founded homes with stead-  
fast hearts;

They lived their Bibles into  
deeds;

Through storm and calm they  
played their parts,

Though sometimes formal, like  
their creeds.

The years have slipped away  
since then,

Seven score and ten this town  
has stood;

But through them all these stead-  
fast men

Have labored for the common  
good.

Thank God! they lived and we  
to-day,

Their children's children gath-  
ered here,

Have gathered here because that  
they

Held church, and school and  
home so dear.

Quit you like men! like them be  
strong.

They served their day. The pres-  
ent age

Demands that we should pass  
along

What came to us,—a heritage.

Remember this, true lives, true  
deeds

Still count in nation, town and  
home;

Still count the same on these old  
hills

Will count the same in years to  
come.

## ADDRESS OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR ROGERS

In introducing the next speaker the President of the Day, said:

As I approach my next introduction I am somewhat embarrassed in that we have been obliged to change the order of the program. The gentleman who is to address us next has one or two very important engagements and he finds it necessary to ask us to make this little change. When the committee were looking about for someone to address us to-day, they had the happy thought they would invite Governor Trumbull. Governor Trumbull was willing to come but said that at the time he would be out of the state and unable to be present. The invitation was then extended to the Lieutenant-Governor. This gentleman most of you know, if not personally, by reputation. He is, or was, the President-General of the National Organization of the Sons of the American Revolution, also the President of the Connecticut Organization of the same name. Later he was elected Treasurer of the State of Connecticut and finally has arrived at the position of Lieutenant-Governor. To-day, however, he is the Governor of Connecticut, our Governor, and it might not be ill-timed for me to say that we hope he will continue to be our Governor. I now have the honor of presenting Ernest E. Rogers.

Lieutenant-Governor Rogers' address was as follows:

Representative Ripley and distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen:

It is a high privilege, this afternoon, to be present with you and the duty a most pleasing one to represent the State

of Connecticut at the Sesqui-Centennial of this important and ancient town of Barkhamsted.

Coming from New London on the southern border of our state, upon my request your chairman has kindly allowed me to bring congratulations and greetings at this time in order for me to return to Hartford to perform official duties and then to drive some fifty miles to my own home to meet an engagement this evening.

To those of us who live on the seashore where we see the ships of commerce, of the navy and the pleasure craft passing our homes it is also a delight to come to Litchfield county and view the pleasing landscapes of this hill country. It is interesting to look into the faces of the citizens of this town and of other towns for there are many familiar to me. There are men here with whom I have served in the Legislature and this occasion is graced by the presence of the Honorable Speaker of the House of Representatives, Samuel A. Eddy of this county, who presided over that body with such grace and dignity.

May I express the conclusions reached after a somewhat long experience (and it is with intimate knowledge for I was born in a small town in this state and know what it is to attend the first six grades in a one-room country school-house) that there is great civic pride in an audience of this kind composed as it is of people who have lived here all their lives and others from neighboring towns. It is upon just such people as are here to-day that the State of Connecticut depends for its stability. Look over the state and where will you find a more representative Connecticut audience anywhere than in these small towns and especially here at this very moment. Connecticut is small in area yet

it is great in material resources, and it is still greater in its wealth of manhood and womanhood such as are represented to-day.

Throughout the past three centuries there has come down to the people of the one hundred and sixty-nine towns which comprise this state a continuity of a free government as expressed in the preamble of the constitution of 1818 which reads "in order more effectually to define, secure, and perpetuate the liberties, rights and privileges which they have derived from their ancestors."

Let me call your attention to the fact that if these towns wish to continue their town form of government, if they are determined to retain the liberties that have come down to them, the price will be eternal vigilance. So that the very purposes for which the towns were organized may not be taken from them and in order to continue the present town form of government it is necessary that the selectmen and the officers see to it that the town governments function. It has taken three hundred years to bring about the present condition of our institutions and there is yet much to be done.

Take for example the matter of education. There is nothing in this grand old state more important to you people and the people of every town and every municipality than the education of the youth. It has depended upon the educational foundation laid in this town that your young men and women have gone forth and been a credit to you.

At the time this and surrounding towns were named in 1732, it was decided by the colony that money received



from the sale of lands belonging to the colony should be distributed to the towns already settled for the purpose of education. Later in 1795 when the state sold her vast territory of the Western Reserve in Ohio which was nearly the size of her present boundaries the money was set aside as a permanent fund and the interest appropriated to the support of schools. The constitution of 1818 reaffirmed this enactment in Art. VIII, Sec. II reading: "The fund, called the School Fund, shall remain a perpetual fund, the interest of which shall be inviolably appropriated to the support and encouragement of the public, or common schools throughout the state, and for the equal benefit of all the people thereof."

I come to you to-day with the thought that Connecticut rejoices in celebrations of this kind, these homecomings where the people of a town assemble at a Sesqui-Centennial the same as some of you did at your Centennial fifty years ago, to greet one another and to behold the prosperity of the place of your birth. You have participated in community interests and thus "while doing makes the deed, it is unselfish doing makes the man." May Barkhamsted send out men and women, boys and girls who will have that spirit of civic consciousness that will be a help to the State of Connecticut.

Mr. Chairman, may I wish you every success with this celebration and congratulate you, your committees, your selectmen and your townspeople upon this auspicious occasion.

At the conclusion of the address by the Lieutenant-Governor the Master of Ceremonies stated:

This morning in speaking to you of the school band I didn't tell you of the Rotary Bugle and Drum Corps who are to be with us this afternoon and who are sponsored by the same organization that sponsored the grammar school band, the Winsted Rotary Club of Winsted, Connecticut. They are now approaching, and will soon be up on the platform. They will give us an entirely different program from that of the band but I am sure you will be interested.

This drum corps composed of girls in neat, trim uniforms marched in and gave several stirring selections, after which Mr. Ripley in introducing the next speaker said:

This morning, as you will remember, I introduced a young lady who failed to materialize. I am happy to say she is here this afternoon and in addition to what I said of Miss LeGeyt this morning, I will add that she has the distinction of being the lineal descendant of Abner Slade, who served in the French and Indian war, who later served in the Revolutionary War, and whose son, Abner Slade the second, also served as a private during the Revolutionary War. Miss LeGeyt then delivered the following original poem:

#### OUR HERITAGE

A winding trail of ox-carts,  
A sturdy pioneer band  
From distant Windsor Town  
they came  
To settle a hostile land.

They named the town Barkham-  
sted,  
For the town across the foam  
Brought memories of the moth-  
erland;  
Fair England, their dear home.

Cabins on verdant hillsides  
Were built with woodsman's  
skill;  
While winter bleak and desolate  
Built the graveyard on the hill.

Wild beasts skulked in the  
thickets,  
And savage warlike men  
Menaced the frontier village,  
Harassed the settlers then.

But caution walked with courage,  
And brave hearts never quailed,  
While Tunxis noble valleys  
The goodly harvest hailed.

With thankful hearts our fathers,  
God's gracious handwork viewed  
From forest giants on Tunxis slopes  
The old "First Church" was hewed.

O'er the old Albany Turnpike  
The old stage coaches ran  
Above them gleamed the Light-house  
Signaling beast and man.

Then War, like a flash of lightning,  
Flamed swiftly through the land!  
The call of '76 had come,  
Forth went the Patriot band.

Our authors tell us many tales  
Of discord in the realm  
But the story most romantic  
Is the tale of Tiffany Elm.

How old Consider Tiffany,  
A Tory stout was he  
Stood by his King and England,  
The motherland o'er the sea.

But an edict strict was given  
By the Patriot at the helm  
"Dare cross the Tiffany line, sir,  
And you hang on yon tall elm!"

The Tiffany Elm is hoary  
But staunch 'tis standing still  
While scions of Whig and Tory,  
Are pilgrims to old Center Hill.

But the bitter strife soon ended,  
The clamor of war is still,  
Neath the old grey stones our fathers sleep,  
By the granite shaft on the hill.

The heritage they left us  
Is the heritage of health,  
And faith and love and loyalty,  
More precious than mere wealth.

But the spirit of the pilgrims,  
That hardy pioneer line,  
Is the spirit of their kinsfolks  
Of nineteen twenty-nine.

At the conclusion of Miss LeGeyt's interesting poem, Mr. Ripley announced:

Since luncheon, the committee have handed me a few letters which they felt should be read at this time and which they have asked me to read. I have had no opportunity to

go over them and the errors I may make I hope you will pardon.

He then read:

20 COWPER ROAD,  
BERKHAMSTEAD,  
ENGLAND

*August 28th, 1929.*

DEAR MRS. CHATFIELD:

Mr. LeGeyt has kindly forwarded to me an invitation to the Barkhamsted Anniversary Celebrations, and herewith I enclose the R.S.V.P. card.

As you will see, none from Berkhamsted, England, will be able to attend; but I would like to assure you that our sister town in Connecticut is very often in our thoughts.

I sincerely trust, in common with my fellow townspeople, that your Celebrations will be crowned with success.

With compliments.

Yours faithfully,  
PERCY C. BIRTCHNELL.

DEAR COMMITTEE:

I regret my inability to be present September 10th. Still I must have a little finger in the pie; for of course, being in New England, there will be a "pie" and probably several.

I am original owner, air-castle dreamer and manager of the "Mountain View" camp and cottages at Youngesdale for Camp Fire Girls and Girl Scouts.

I was inspired by the beautiful scenery; and it being the first time in my life I had ever owned hills, rocks, trees and wide expanse of river and mountain scenery, I wanted to share it. How?

So I dreamed my air-castle and set to work repairing the old and adding the new until finally it was an accomplished fact.

I opened the camp in June, 1914, and in November, 1922 was obliged to sell on account of Mr. Fowler's failing health.

Of two things I am justly proud. I carried on until my sixty-ninth year, and the year I sold we had entertained over one hundred and eighty guests and received our banner rent roll.

In this narrative I must not forget to mention the kind co-operation of all Pleasant Valley: The Manchesters at the store and post office; Oswold Ullmann and the supplies he served over the pulley wire from shore to shore; the enchanting hayrides by moonlight with his span of superior, young work horses; Mr. Warren, who was my right hand man in emergencies before Mr. Fowler left the road; Mr. James Wheeler, our mountain guide, and Mrs. Merrill, our "Good Samaritan;" Rev. Mr. Richardson our good counselor around our camp fires.—All, all had a share in my success.

And so at seventy-five, in far off West Virginia, with your invitation before me, I greet you all with "Peace on earth, good will to men."

MARY WILLARD FOWLER.

August 11, 1929.







*Photo by courtesy of Mr. Irving G. Manchester*  
THE NEW MEETING HOUSE  
Now standing, at Barkhamsted Center

Los Angeles, Calif.

August 31, 1929.

MRS. HARRY CHATFIELD,

Secretary Anniversary Committee,

Town of Barkhamsted, Connecticut

And to each and all of those who may be present at the one hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of its Birthday:

A short time ago I received a very kind invitation from your Secretary to be present at your celebration, September 10th. I have also received a letter from Mr. F. D. Case, a son of my very dear old schoolmate and chum, Mr. Dwight Case, asking me if I would write a letter to be read at that meeting. I know of nothing that would give me greater pleasure than to be with you on that day in person, but that is impossible. I shall however be with you in spirit, and shall think of you as gathered together, near the old Church and Town Hall and opposite the old house built by my grandfather, John Merrill, and in which he died in 1848. I shall not only think of you, but shall also recall the faces of those whom I knew there sixty years ago. I am proud of the fact that I was born in New England, in the little State of Connecticut, and in the Town of Barkhamsted. There I spent the earliest years of my life, and it was really my home until 1870, when I left never to return, but for two or three short visits. I lived there the greater part of the year 1869, and was honored by the people of the Town by sending me as their representative, to the State Legislature. I have always felt that this was the greatest honor ever conferred on me, because it came from those who knew me and had confidence in me. I shall

recall on that day perhaps as never before, the good friends of those days, the older people and the boys and girls, not one of whom I have forgotten, and the memory of whom always brings me great pleasure. The most of them have traveled on to the "better land", and their bodies are sleeping in the old cemetery, near where the old Church stood in the olden times.

The original first settlers of Barkhamsted like those of most all other New England towns were of Puritan stock, emigrating from the early settlements of Massachusetts, whose people emigrated from England in the early part of the seventeenth century. They were stalwart men and women, honest, trustworthy, kind hearted, neighborly, really *good people*, living as one of the old Prophets tells us men should live, "doing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly with their God". Those first settlers and their immediate descendants continued to live, and finally died in the old town. Among the first things that these emigrants to Barkhamsted did, and which emigrants from there to other homes did, was to build a church which they called a meeting house, and a school house.

The circular invitation sent out by your committee, contains a very accurate picture of the first meeting house erected in the town of Barkhamsted and in that meeting house I attended a school exhibition in 1850. I think this was the last public use of the old meeting house. Soon after that time it was used by the school children as a playhouse during recess and noon time. The old two-story school house stood where the center school house now stands, and in that house I obtained my early education. A select school was often, during the winter, conducted in the upper

story. It was before the day of high schools. I taught school in the lower story I think in 1864, and I remember with the greatest pleasure my experience that winter. I have never known better boys and girls, than those who used to meet me daily there, and we were just like one big family. The first settler of the town was Pelatiah Allyn, who probably came there before 1750. My grandfather, John Merrill, was also among the early settlers of the town. The descendants of these first settlers began in later years to emigrate, many of them going to, the then far away, Connecticut Reserve or Western Reserve in northern Ohio.

Among those settlers and emigrants were three brothers, descendants of Pelatiah Allyn the first settler who went to Ohio, Pelatiah going there about 1822 and the others Henry and Matthew Allyn going about 1834. From there, their descendants have gone to many parts of this country and built their homes and reared their families. It may interest you to know that in this great city there are living to-day twelve persons known to me as the descendants of Matthew Allyn, whose wife was a daughter of the early settler of Barkhamsted, John Merrill; these people all being relatives of mine.

Many others, descendants of the old families have left the old town and made their homes in other states. Other people have come to the old town to take their places, and I have not a doubt, but there is the same friendly condition existing among them as in the olden times. There is much that I would like to write you of the people of my early days there but I would tire you with it, and fear I have written too much already. I think I knew very well almost all the people in the central and eastern part of the



town and as far west as Pleasant Valley. If any there be left of the boys and girls who knew me there, any of those who were my pupils in the old school house, to each and all of them I wish to send my most hearty greetings, and to those who have come to the good old town since I left, I also send most hearty greetings, because I believe they are like the older inhabitants, true men and women loving God and their fellow men. May God's blessing rest upon you all and keep alive in your hearts that hope which promises you a home in His eternal kingdom.

Very sincerely yours,

A. E. MERRILL.

Regrets were also sent by Gertie Wright Burwell, William H. Blodgett, Elmer B. Blackman, Allison H. Barbour, Archer M. Case, Dr. Collin S. Carter, Mrs. Fannie Beers Dickinson, Mrs. Clarence D. Fitts, Frederick Corning Grabney, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maddox, Rev. Oliver W. Richardson, Mrs. F. A. Stone, Rev. Warren F. Sheldon, A. Dennison Sheldon, Louise C. Williams.





ELLIOT B. BRONSON

*Historian*

## MR. BRONSON GIVES HISTORY OF TOWN

In introducing the historian of the day, Mr. Elliott B. Bronson, the Master of Ceremonies remarked:

In conferring with the next speaker as to what I should say about him, he said it was not necessary to say much of anything, everybody knew him, and I expect that we do.

Mr. Bronson has long been a student of history, especially of history connected with Litchfield County and of the towns immediately surrounding the town of Winchester. When he was invited to prepare a history for to-day, he was somewhat reluctant to accept, but finally did so and I am very sure he has prepared a paper which will be of great interest to us all. I will now introduce Mr. Elliot B. Bronson, historian of the day.

### HISTORICAL ADDRESS

It is well said that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." And when, in an unguarded moment, I permitted myself to be persuaded by the winning arguments of your honored fellow townsman, Hon. William J. Day, to give an historical address here, to-day, and attempt to picture, even in a faint degree, the achievements and glories of this beautiful Litchfield County, Town of Barkhamsted—a county of which a noted author has well said "That more men and women have come out of Litchfield County who have made their impress on the world's history than from any other county in the country"—whose story is filled to repletion with the lives and deeds of those who have dared and done, and to whom no one can do justice; then, indeed,

I realize the enormity of my offence. In partial reparation I can only promise that I will not be guilty again.

The small "Hill Town" of Connecticut, is slowly coming into its own again. Only the past week at a meeting of the New England Council held at Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire, former Governor Redfield Proctor of Vermont and President of the Council voiced a significant thought. He said "the maintenance of the smaller community in economic health and the retention of New England's youth are questions of prime importance to New England's future."

To-day we are celebrating one hundred and fifty years of the life of one of two of these Connecticut Hill towns, Colebrook and Barkhamsted, organized under the same act of the Legislature in the October session of 1779 and the last to be incorporated in Litchfield County. Of the two, Barkhamsted completed its organization the later.

As a result of the controversy over Connecticut's charter, the visit of Sir Edmund Andros, and his demand for its return to the King, and the hasty and ill-advised action of the General Court, with the attendant result of the division of the "Western Lands," Barkhamsted was granted to Capt. Thomas Moore and Lieut. Jonathan Ellsworth of Windsor in 1732 and to one hundred and six other proprietors.

Like most of these prospective townships in Litchfield County, of which seven were given to the proprietors of Windsor and Hartford, the rough and rugged lands were given but little attention by their owners for a series of years.



The first permanent settler in Barkhamsted was Pelatiah Allen, who, braving its wilderness, came from Windsor and locating here near the dividing lands between this town and New Hartford in 1746, and until about 1759 was the only inhabitant. He spent his summers in clearing and cultivating his land, and the winters in hunting and trapping. When alarms of Indians arose from time to time, he repaired to a fort in the northern part of New Hartford, also strongly fortifying his own well-built log cabin.

The next man to settle in the town was Capt. Israel Jones from Enfield. His brother Benjamin located in Somers, which was named after Lord Somers of England, who in payment of the compliment sent them a bell for their church. But the freight charges upon this (now pride of their hearts)—were so heavy that, sad to relate, it was a series of years before they could hear and enjoy its mellow tones.

Following Capt. Jones came William Austin, Jonathan King, and a Mr. Norton from Suffield, Amos Case from Simsbury, John Ives from Hamden, Joseph Shepard from Hartford and Joseph Wilder from East Haddam—all being principal settlers of the town. Mr. Wilder was made the first magistrate or Justice of the Peace. Barkhamsted, like most of the Litchfield County towns was about six and one-half miles in length east and west, and five miles north and south, and contained 22,530 acres. It is intersected by two high granite ridges running north and south.

There are various theories given as to naming the town Barkhamsted. I cannot agree with the eminent historian of fifty years ago for the reasons he advanced, but am convinced that it was named after the English town of Berk-

hampstead, following the custom of many of our Litchfield County Townships.

In 1771, twenty-seven years after the commencement of the settlement by Mr. Allen, there were only twenty families within the limits of the town. But in 1810 there were two hundred and thirty dwelling houses, four religious societies and eleven school districts with a population of fifteen hundred and sixty. In 1830 there were seventeen hundred. The population of the town as shown in the census of 1920 was seven hundred and nineteen, which vividly illustrates a sample of the drain and depletion that these grand old Hill towns have borne and suffered. They have been the fountain heads of many of our cities and manufacturing centers, for which our large communities should "Rise up and call them Blessed."

The few inhabitants of Barkhamsted, realizing their need for a saw mill and a grist mill, applied to the Windsor proprietors in 1761 and a right to build a sawmill was leased out to Pelatiah Allen, Asa Gilbert and Jonathan Marsh.

In 1786 these same proprietors leased to Pelatiah Allen for nine hundred and ninety-nine years "on the mill lot" a grist mill site at the "Great Falls" on "Beaver Brook" (near where Alvin Stewart now lives) with the condition that a grist mill should be maintained there. A Mr. Morley leased the mill about 1800 and thus gave the name of Morley or Molley Hill to this location.

In 1774 there were forty families in the town, and they petitioned the General Assembly that "They might be incorporated and granted town privileges, that they might give better encouragement to the interests of religion, edu-

cation and good order, and have authority to suppress vice and immorality in their midst." This petition was not granted and the town was not incorporated until 1779. As a result, State taxes immediately were demanded, and they realized that they were in deep water for in 1780 they presented a memorial and prayer to the General Assembly, in which they stated "That the inhabitants are in general, very poor and low, and many of them have neither land nor stock of their own, but live entirely upon hire—that said town is constituted into distinct societies, in which by reason of ye poverty of ye inhabitants there is neither minister, meeting-house or school house—that most of said inhabitants are in ye younger part of life, and have numerous families of small children which is as much as they possibly can do to support . . . that there is not more than one man in said town who can be said with the truth to be aforehand, and he is greatly burdened by liberally relieving ye necessities of ye needy and distressed—that they are not only unable to bear a part of ye public taxes but even to pay their own internal taxes without distressing their families—that there is not or ever has been a sufficient quantity of grain raised in said town for ye use of ye inhabitants. Wherefore they humbly pray your honors to excuse them from ye payment of any state taxes for ye present. Jos. Wilder, Agent."

The records show that their prayer was granted. (I wonder what effect such a plea would have on our present Tax Commissioner.)

It is evident that Barkhamsted began early to have "growing pains" for in 1785 she petitioned the General Court—the same year that Connecticut became a State—

to be set off as a separate town, together with West Simsbury but this prayer was rejected at the May session of 1786.

There seem to have been some flaws in the early land titles, and in 1788 a committee was especially appointed to adjust claims and proprietors' accounts. Capt. Israel Jones's earliest deed and lease of record bears date of 1771, twelve years after his settlement in town. Most of these early proprietors settled on "Center Hill".

Like all new towns, after organization, the next thing was to find and ordain a minister, and build a meeting house, so in 1783 the Proprietors of Windsor voted to give to the Society of Barkhamsted the use and improvement of the Proprietors' lot on or near Center Hill to "pitch the stakes" and build a meeting house, upon, and a place for a burying yard and a parade ground. So in 1783 they petitioned the General Court that they "were about to build a meeting house" and asked for a tax of 6 pence per acre for this purpose, and this was granted.

There was a controversy over this selection, but it was finally accepted on the so-called Proprietors' Meeting House lot and so marked on the old Proprietors' map, and layout of the town. But men, as well as women, "convinced against their will, are of the same opinion still." So the inhabitants of the northeastern part of the town, dissatisfied on account of the meeting house location, withdrew from the Church Society and Town with permission of the General Assembly, as shown in a vote of the General Court in 1783. A territory about a mile and a half square was then set aside for the East Hartland Society and Town. In 1784, the erection of the meeting house in the confines



of the present cemetery grounds was commenced, and an immense building it was, for those days,—being forty by fifty feet in dimensions. The frame was hewn out of heavy timbers of white oak so large that there were not men enough in the Society to raise the frame work. Help was called from Granby, Simsbury, New Hartford and other towns to raise it. It is said that it took twenty thousand shingles to roof it, and that they were obtained from one pine tree; and that the same pine tree furnished the lumber for all the clapboards. For eight years after it was covered, the building was used for religious services in an unfinished condition. Loose boards placed on rude benches were the only seats. In 1792, funds were raised to complete the edifice by subscription of pounds and shillings in boards, sashes, hooks and nails, labor, team work, sawing and neat cattle, thirteen pounds only being subscribed in cash. The subscription list follows:

“Whereas our meeting house in Barkhamsted society, not being at this present time as yet comfortable to meet in for Divine Worship, and it being in the minds of some of the inhabitants to forward the furtherance toward the completion of the said house by subscription, therefore we, whose names are hereunto set down agree to give with the number, quantity, or measure of each particular specie annexed to his name—weather-boards, clap-boards, window frames, glass, nails, hinges. It is always understood the timber to be taken from the minister’s lot, so called, on which the house standeth. And we, and each of us, as our names are set down with the specie annexed, thereto do, upon the truth, fidelity and trust of a faithful mind, promise to de-



liver the particular specie annexed to our names, at the meeting-house, to the satisfaction of the committee appointed for that purpose, by the first day of July coming."

Dated at Barkhamsted, Nov. 12, A. D., 1792.

Israel Jones, Jr.	4	pounds	10	shillings	
Solomon Newell	4	"	10	"	
Pelatiah Allen	2	"	10	"	in boards
Ephriam Munson	2	"	10	"	" "
Asa Jones	2	"			
Josiah H. Hart	2	"	10	"	in sashes
Joel Rexford	2	"	10	"	in boards
James Rexford	2	"			in boards
Benjamin Jones	2	"			in boards
Aaron Hart	1	"	10	"	" "
John Merrill	2	"			in hooks & nails
Jonathan Wilder	1	"			in labor
Caleb Hough	1	"	10	"	in labor
Jehial Wilcox			10	"	in labor
Richard Adams			10	"	in labor
Amos Allen	4	"	10	"	in labor
John Rockwell			6	"	in labor
Wait Munson	3	"			in team work
Nathaniel Collins	1	"			in labor
Charles Preston	3	"			in sawing
Charles Tuttle	1	"			in labor
Jonathan Johnson	1	"			in labor
John Ives	2	"			in neat cattle
Levi Tiffany	2	"			in team work
Ezra Case	2	"			

In 1828 and in 1835 efforts were made to raise money for a steeple, but they were unsuccessful; they did erect a chimney in 1835 and appointed a committee to secure the stove-pipe. This created great opposition from the other members of the Society.

The pulpit was built on the north side of its interior, and was large and high with a huge sounding board hung above it. There were steps leading into the pulpit from the west side, with a plain board seat built in at the back for the minister. On each side of the pulpit were two pews, the one next to the stairs being for the minister's family. In front of the pulpit was a deacon's seat with a hanging table attached. The gallery, protected by a breast work, was constructed around three sides of the church, and the stairs leading to it were in the southeast and southwest corners; a square pen was built over each staircase for the use of colored worshippers and was known as "Nigger Heaven". The singers were located in the front seats of the gallery and behind them were pews occupied by boys and girls who were old enough to sit apart from their parents. About 1823 a bass viol was introduced into the choir to lead the singing, which greatly disturbed the older members, who strongly protested against "Fiddlin' in meetin'."

Rev. Ozias Eels was ordained as their first pastor, January 24, 1787.

An Episcopal Society was established on Christmas Day of that year and Rev. Jonathan Marsh of New Hartford delivered the sermon on that solemn occasion.

The Church in the "Hollow" known as the Universalist Church, (now the Community House) was built by the

Episcopalians in 1816, but was only partially finished. The ground was deeded for the purpose by Robert Wilcox. The Society was feeble, and could neither support a rector or finish the building, and no rector was ever regularly settled over the church. In 1834 an agreement was entered into between the Episcopalians and the Universalists, of whom there were a considerable number in town. The Universalists were to repair and finish the church and own the building and property in common with the Episcopal Society, in proportion to the amount of expenses for repairs, as compared with present valuation of the church property fixed upon by an appraisal committee. The property was valued at two hundred and seventy-five dollars. The Universalists added a steeple and bell, and fitted up the interior with seats etc. They also employed ministers for a year at a time.

The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. Hosea Ballou. Regular services were discontinued in 1867.

The Episcopal Church at Riverton was founded March 2, 1829 with a membership of thirty, and was at first called the Union Church, and the first minister was Rev. Mr. Blaisdel. The Adventists used the building of the old Butler trunk shop in Riverton for a chapel from 1835 to 1850. Aug. 27, 1834 a Methodist Class was organized in Hitchcockville with seventeen members. A church was erected there in 1840 which continued until 1879. The building was afterward torn down. The building was sold to Rev. Robert Codling, and erected as a residence on Wallens Hill.

The first Congregational Church of Riverton was organized April 19, 1842, with fifty-three members, and

the meeting-house was built the following summer, with Rev. Luther Barber as first Pastor.

In 1845 a Baptist Church and Ecclesiastical Society was formed in Pleasant Valley and a church built.

Rev. Geo. B. Atwell became the settled pastor in 1846 with a church membership of twenty-six. This society flourished until 1866, when it removed to New Hartford. Rev. Mr. Atwell was a popular preacher and his church increased in membership. He was an original character, and had some unusual mannerisms.

At a dinner where he was invited to invoke a blessing, he responded as follows: "Adam ate too much! Noah drank too much! but Oh Lord, make us now temperate in all things. Amen."

It is said of him that before he became converted to a religious belief he was noted as an athlete and boxer. While at the tavern one evening he became involved in a word controversy with a bully of the town. The argument waxed warm. But even ministers are human. He suddenly removed his coat, threw it upon the floor and exclaimed, "lie there, religion, until I lick this man."

He was evidently a believer in psychology. At one time while making a pastoral call on Mr. Case on Washington Hill he carried along a twenty-five pound empty cloth sack with him. In the course of the call he endeavored to make the sack stand up alone, but without success and finally calling attention to the fact, remarked, "Do what I can I cannot make this bag stand alone." The hint was at once taken and Mr. Case filled the bag to overflowing with rye flour for Mr. Atwell. In the years 1847-1848 the Methodist Church at Pleasant Valley was organized with about thirty



members and a building erected. The organization is still in active service, with increased membership and a meeting-house renovated and improved.

The building lot upon which this church now stands was deeded to the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Society of Pleasant Valley by Rhoda Coe Woodruff, wife of Eben Woodruff, and was part of a piece of land which was purchased with money she inherited from her father Ensign Jonathan Coe.

At the building of the meeting-house it was voted "that the timber for the frame after sufficient notice, should be let at public auction by the single stick, to be furnished by the lowest bidder" and the building committee was instructed to proceed according to said vote in procuring the timber for the frame.

Accordingly the frame of the church was bid off at auction, stick by stick separately. Friends as well as members bid off and furnished sticks of timber at much less than one half their market worth. Deacon Virgil Taylor furnished four sticks that were worth at least fifty cents each for fifteen cents a piece, and others furnished at equally low values. Joel Tiffany was the carpenter-builder in charge.

In 1833 another Methodist Church was organized on Horse Hill, in the northeastern part of the town and they commenced the erection of the brick church building, which was finished and dedicated October 16, 1834.

Rev. Stephen Remington was the preacher in charge and delivered the dedicatory sermon with its text from Isaiah, 2:2-3.



"And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountains of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills: and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

The bricks for this building were burned and manufactured on a farm just below and only a short distance from the edifice. Everyone in the neighborhood took a part in erecting this meeting-house, giving their service "in spells". At the dedication, Rev. Daniel Coe, was the presiding Elder. He was a man of positive convictions and belief. Mr. Samuel Case, who is an honored guest and present here today, led the music, and played the bass viol; Orange Case played the clarionette. A large audience and membership also attended from North Canton. Rev. Daniel Coe who was a Puritan of the Puritans, and who did not believe in the new-fangled musical ideas—when he announced a hymn, would arise and give out in a solemn voice and with scowling brow, "We will now fiddle and sing the following hymn!"

Simeon Case was tithing-man, and with watchful mien presided over all the proceedings with his staff of office to keep the unruly ones in order, especially during the prayer time. To add emphasis to any undue noise or disturbance, he would take a hymn book and slam it down upon a seat back with great force during a prayer, thus carrying terror to all evil doers. Rev. Daniel Coe was the son of Ensign

Jonathan Coe of Winchester, who was also a man of strong convictions. He was originally a Congregationalist, but did not believe in being taxed willy nilly, to support his church, and refused to pay the church tax. So a constable attached his cow and it was sold to pay his tax, and the balance received was offered to him. He would not accept this money, but threw it on the table and told the minister, Rev. Joshua Knapp, to "Put it in his pocket-book, place it under his pillow and sleep on it and see how he liked it." He still refused to pay his church tax and was arrested and put in Litchfield jail, where he spent several months working out the tax. When he was released he was so mad over his treatment that he turned Methodist and organized the Methodist Church of Winsted, shaking the Congregationalist dust forever from his feet. His son, Rev. Daniel, inherited all these strong characteristics from him.

Mr. Samuel Case's home on Washington Hill has been the home of five generations of Cases.

"Horse Hill" just referred to, was so named because the Proprietors of Windsor would turn their horses and colts loose in Barkhamsted for the summer grazing and the animals, finding the best feed on this hill, thus gave it the name. Rev. Daniel Coe, disliking this name and being an ardent admirer of President George Washington, announced at the dedication of this Church, "We will now call this hill Washington Hill," and so it was, and is!

Anson Case, of Washington Hill, became engaged to Rachael Case, and arranged to be married at this church in a private wedding, but Obed Case, the father was so proud of the fact, that at a church service on the Sunday before the wedding, he arose in his pew and announced the

event unknown to the young people. On the wedding day, the young people sneaked across the pasture lot to the church so as not to have their secret known, but to their great amazement and disgust they found the roadway lined with ox-carts, wagons, and saddle horses with pillions, and hosts of people on foot, as far as their eyes could see in either direction, who had come to attend the wedding.

Winsted also erected its first church in Barkhamsted, just over the line, on Wallen's Hill in 1793, which was afterward torn down and sold, and a new one built in East Winsted.

An agitation was started soon after the installation of Rev. Reuben Hazen as pastor of the Center Church in 1843, for the erection of a new meeting house. A bitter controversy immediately arose whether to erect a new building or to repair the old one. Oh, the arguments that were rubbed out vigorously in washtubs! The invectives that were strung along the clothes lines! The epithets that were churned in with the butter! The bitterness that was skimmed off the milk pans! And the sturdy farmers' "I won't give up!" planted with his potatoes! History records that both parties circulated subscription papers. The advocates of the building of a new meeting house won out by raising the larger amount of funds. So this church was erected and a new society was organized July 31, 1845, and was named The First Orthodox Congregational Society of Barkhamsted, with 33 members. (I have been wondering about the orthodoxy of the others). Tradition has it though that they have managed to remain orthodox ever since.

The "anti-new-church" element stuck to their text, as well as their guns, and continued in spite of all obstacles, to worship with their first love, the old meeting house, until its roof literally decayed and fell in over their heads, when they perforce were obliged to give up.

The old edifice still stood as a sacred landmark of the past, and of their strong determinations until October, 1865, when it was purchased by an agent of the Greenwood Scythe Co., of New Hartford. The building was then taken down and its old timbers formed the frame of the scythe shop warehouse in that village. The timbers were purchased for that purpose because of their immense strength.

The frame of this present church building was erected in 1844 by Deacon Joel Tiffany and completed in 1845 by Abram Kellogg of New Hartford.

Squire Merrill or "Little Johnny" as he was familiarly known, and who was evidently a man of vision, took time by the forelock. He erected his tavern right across the road from the church, burying-ground and parade-ground, and faced his entrance door toward the church building, so that he could catch trade "coming and going." Here the pious worshippers were accustomed to get coals to replenish their foot stoves, and their New England rum to revive their religious fire between services. Here also on "Training Days" military enthusiasm was served out in "noggin" and glass.

It is said that the pompous Captain of the militia company, when becoming thirsty from his commanding efforts, would call a halt and ride his fiery steed across the road and through the open doorway up to the bar and refresh his inner man with a dram while seated on this charger.





SQUIRE MERRILL'S PUBLIC HOUSE  
Now "Kirkstane", the summer home of Henry C. Gidman





Then he would ride back to the parade ground with inspired military fire. In fact, one of the present door steps of this same tavern, now "Kirkstane," the summer home of Henry C. Gidman of Norfolk, was a door step of the old First Church—whence the name.

Here in the old ballroom, decorated even to the present day with wooden block fresco designs of wondrous nature, was organized the "Northern Star Lodge," No. 58 F. and A. M. in the autumn of 1820, now located in New Hartford and known as Amos Beecher Lodge No. 121. Its charter was signed by Oliver Wolcott, Grand Master, and Governor of the State of Connecticut, and bore the names of twenty-seven charter members. During the agitation in the 40's against the Masons and their secret rites, there was a strong agitation aroused against them in this section. In consequence, their meetings were held in the afternoon in the ballroom of the tavern. During these sessions, Little Johnnie Merrill was stationed at the foot of the stairs and near the door, with a huge drum hanging around his neck, so that he could beat the alarm when any of the anti-mason crowd should approach to break up the meeting.

In the "Hollow" there were two public-houses built almost across the stage road from each other, on the "stage turnpike" leading from the Greenwoods Turnpike to Granby and Newgate Prison, the one, the Lambert Inn, now the home of Hon. Charles H. LeGeyt, the present postmaster, Town Clerk, and merchant. The other, a Merrill Tavern, which now is the present general store and Post Office. This building is the proud possessor of a front window filled with full twenty lights of glass that were brought over from England.

Still another Merrill Tavern was erected in 1816 just across the street from the present church, with its bar and ballroom, with gaping fireplaces and brick oven intact, the ballroom being sixteen by twenty-eight feet in its dimensions. In the rambling and peculiar shaped garret framed with its huge hewn timbers of white oak, there came to light the old tavern sign inscribed, "George Merrill, Cash Store and Tavern."

James Bragg, who moved from Vermont to Winchester in 1812 and married for his second wife, Orpha, daughter of Wait Munson of Barkhamsted, conducted a tavern in the "Hollow" for a time. He was accustomed to place the silver coins received over his bar for liquors in a wooden dish or bowl which he placed on a shelf back of the bar. This was taken note of by some of the regular frequenters, and they made plans accordingly. Some one obtained a long stick and some shoemaker's wax, which they fastened on the end of the stick. On cold winter evenings, when there was a good crowd in the tap-room, Mr. Bragg would be induced to leave the room on some pretext, for a moment. Immediately the wax would be warmed at the glowing fireplace and then reached over to the bowl of silver behind the bar and as many coins as possible would be extracted during Mr. Bragg's brief absence. Upon his return, the generous (?) extractor would line up the bar with the thirsty crowd. Mr. Bragg found business exceptionally good on these red letter evenings.

In Hitchcockville, now Riverton, was located another Inn and Tavern, The Jesse Ives Tavern on the banks of the lovely Tunxis or Farmington River, and on the stage road that led by the famous Barkhamsted Light House.

This tavern is still a home for the way-worn traveler and his beast, or I should say his motor. The building was erected about 1800 and is now known as the Riverton Inn. Mr. Ives was Judge of Probate for 7 years.

Still a fifth on the famous Greenwoods Turnpike was known as the Mallory Tavern, built by Amasa Mallory about 1800, with its interesting doorway that is an attraction to the tourist of to-day.

There was also a sixth, the famous Elkanah Phelps Tavern on the "Old North Road" on Wallen's Hill, which was also on the old military road from Hartford to Albany and was located near the old Revolutionary Barracks. There Col. Ethan Allen was traveling on horseback one Sabbath morning while on military duty, when he was stopped by Grand Juror Babcomb who endeavored to arrest him for breaking the Sabbath by traveling. The valiant Colonel, drawing his sword and whirling it over his head, exclaimed in stentorian tones, "Get into your hole, you damned old woodchuck, or I'll cut you head off!" And the hole was hunted.

An interesting story is recorded of this famous "Old North Country Road" which Connecticut Colonial Records state was the "worst road" in the colony, and the story is worth the re-telling. It is said that a weary traveler who had been wending his way over its roughness and quagmires finally stopped a native by the roadside and inquired "Please sir, can you tell me where I am, and where I am going?" "Wall!" came the answer, "You are now in Winchester, and you are going to Hell!" The traveler looked thoughtfully back over the road he had just traversed and replied, "Judging from the condition of the road

and the appearance of the inhabitants I have met, I think that I must have about reached the end of my journey!"

He had just passed through Barkhamsted! Over this same road were marched a portion of the prisoners captured at the surrender of General Burgoyne's army, en route to Hartford.

Over on the east bank of the Farmington River, above Pleasant Valley and within the confines of "The Peoples' Forest", a farm has just been purchased and given to the state of Connecticut through the generosity of Mrs. Annie Matthies and her children, on which was a seventh Tavern, now the home of Oswald Ullman. Here came a Mr. Gregory, a Tory from Danbury, Connecticut and erected his hostelry in 1777. He conducted it for a few years and then sold out to Peter Bennett, who in 1810, sold to Saul Upson who ran it until 1827, selling out to Bela Squires and moving to Ohio. Mr. Squires still continued to care for man and beast until his death October 5, 1861.

When Saul Upson arrived at this tavern, he came in state, driving a team of horses; following was another team consisting of two yokes of oxen, and yoked in between them were a pair of cows. The cows also served a double purpose, for they were giving milk. It was the custom for Mrs. Upson to bake a large "batch" of bread made of rye, which was grown on the farm, and ground into flour at the "old red mill" known as Munson's Mill. Then she would cut the loaves into thick slices and dry them thoroughly in the brick oven, then take another trip to Munson's Mill and have this ground into "Rusk," two bushels and more at a grinding—and, with the milk obtained from these same cows, it became the main source of the daily food supply



for their table, a forerunner of the delectable cornflake menus of to-day.

Still another tavern, the eighth, was built of brick and located at the upper end of the West Center Hill road and is said to be one of the oldest buildings standing in town. And now even a ninth and a tenth must not be forgotten. The Pinney Hotel built in 1828, now the residence of Hon. Leon A. Coe, and the Launcelot Phelps Tavern, all close together near the banks of the Farmington River. The eleventh, and the oldest house standing in town, was built in 1765, where Thomas Goss kept a tavern for years, on the stage road from Salisbury to Newgate Prison. Doubtless there were others of which I have failed to make note.

But what shall I say of this proud township's sons and daughters and their lives and their deeds of honor, which are legion?

Dr. Launcelot Phelps stated in 1848 that he had never practised medicine. He was engaged in Barkhamsted in the mercantile business, also Tavern Landlord and Judge of probate; and was elected to Congress from Colebrook in 1835 and in 1837. In 1855 he sold his premises here to Polly Loveland. Charles Rowley now owns this property.

Rev. Heman Humphrey was born in "Ratlam" and became first president of Amherst College.

Dr. Amos Beecher settled in the "Hollow" in 1798 and organized the Northern Star Lodge of Masons in 1820, and was its first Master. He was Barkhamsted's beloved physician for over fifty years, and also militia captain and legislator, and four times elected Judge of Probate.

Pelatiah Allen, the first settler, was a member of the General Assembly for twenty-three sessions—surpassing even the long service of our Honorable Secretary of State, who is gracing us with his presence to-day.

Israel Jones, Jr., first town clerk, was a good second to Pelatiah Allen, in that he was a member of the General Assembly for nineteen of its sessions.

These two gentlemen first represented Barkhamsted in the October Session of 1796, seventeen years after its incorporation. Two of his descendants are well represented in Hon. Edward P. Jones, prominent resident of the City of Winsted and Deacon Elisha Jones, a poet of your one hundredth anniversary exercises, who are also with us to-day, taking part in this celebration.

Hon. Correl Tiffany, Barkhamsted's historian was also a legislator, and his life work is filed and cared for in the archives of our State Library at Hartford, and is a valuable addition to the history of the state.

Hon. Hiram Goodwin, lawyer, Judge of Probate, State Senator and President pro tem of that body, was as well a manufacturer.

Hon. Lorrin A. Cook, secretary, treasurer and general agent of the Eagle Scythe Co., of Riverton, was a legislator and Governor of the State of Connecticut. His residence was built about 1880.

Lambert Hitchcock was a pioneer in the manufacture of the famous "Hitchcock" chairs that are so eagerly sought after to-day by antique lovers.

Leroy H. Stephens and his son, Delos H. Stephens, came to Riverton in 1864 and carried on the manufacture of pocket rules in extensive volume.

The brothers Arba and Alfred Alford manufactured chairs in 1843, later becoming known as the Alford Co., until 1853, when it was merged into the Phoenix Co., which continued in business until 1864, when they sold out to Stephens & Co.

Hon. Eugene A. Rogers manufactured thousands of hay rakes, exporting to different parts of Europe and Australia, as well as for home consumption. He also was a law-maker. This shop was the site of a cooper shop in 1830.

Hon. Joseph L. Barbour, of Hartford, was born at the "Hollow" in Barkhamsted and became a prominent and leading lawyer, and a speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives in 1897.

Hon. Hubert B. Case, merchant, postmaster, county commissioner and member of the Connecticut Legislature, was a planter of your "Constitution Oak" at the Center School, and was cruelly murdered in his store at the "Hollow."

Hon. Walter S. Carter, a Barkhamsted boy, whose benefactions have meant so much to his loved home town—a philanthropist, a leading and brilliant lawyer of New York City, was head of the law firm of Carter, Hughes, Rounds and Sherman and father-in-law of Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and at one time a candidate for President of the Nation.

Hon. William Wallace Lee was the brilliant historian of this, his home town, at its celebration of fifty years ago.

John Ward and his two sons were pioneers in a Calico print works in Barkhamsted in 1836. They were followed

by Michael Ward and his sons under the firm name of Ward Brothers and in 1878 this firm commenced the manufacture of paper in Riverton, becoming leaders in the industry, and influential in the town's progress in its different phases.

Hon. Leverett W. Tiffany was Barkhamsted born, storekeeper, manufacturer, banker, philanthropist and a leading citizen of the city of Winsted.

Hon. Edmond D. Hulbert of Chicago was a Barkhamsted boy who came to Winsted in his boyhood days, and was a "bank runner", as he was called, for the Hurlbut National Bank. Climbing the ladder round by round he became President of the Merchants Loan and Trust Co., of Chicago, that city's largest banking establishment. He was present at Winchester Sesqui-Centennial in 1921 and in course of an address given on that occasion said "When I was a boy, we didn't boast a great deal about being born in Barkhamsted, fearing someone would ask if we belonged to the lighthouse tribe."

The Youngs family, and their sons, Daniel and Edward, came to Barkhamsted in 1837 and later erected a shop and mill on the west side of the Farmington River for the manufacture of articles of wood. They became active and leading citizens, and at different times each filled the office of Representative, and that of Judge of Probate. Many others could be mentioned whose record is a part of this town's interesting history—if there were time.

Esther Alford Loomis made history in Connecticut as well as in Barkhamsted. Being a widow, without voting privileges, she strenuously maintained the right of woman's



suffrage, and was the moving factor in giving women the right to vote on school matters in our state. Furthermore, she employed to do the heavy work in her home a woman who was the mother of four children and whose husband was a drunkard. This woman supported the children by her labor. The husband appeared and demanded his wife's pay. Mrs. Loomis refused his demand and was served with a writ from the local Justice, ordering the money to be paid. The money was then paid the man each week for the rest of the summer, while the woman also received her regular wages as well, so that she and the children would not suffer.

She then obtained the assistance of Judge Goodwin, her next door neighbor, to draw up a bill to present to the Legislature, giving the women in Connecticut the right to their property, as heretofore they were chattels of their husbands and had no property rights in court. Then Esther Loomis asked Judge Goodwin if he would stand for the Legislature on this issue and he agreed to do so. She then proceeded to Barkhamsted Center, and got Mr. Horace Case to make the same agreement. From there she went to Winchester, where she obtained the consent of Judge George M. Carrington to do likewise. In this way she went on to other towns, Colebrook, Hartland, Harwinton, New Hartford, Goshen, Torrington, Litchfield, and Norfolk. This group of towns united as a nucleus to put this law on the statute books and it was enacted.

Thus in Barkhamsted was instigated, with Esther Loomis as the moving force, those laws which are still on our statute books in regard to women's rights and they remain the same in all particulars to this day as they were



when put on, with the exception of woman's suffrage, which came later.

Esther Loomis was born on the farm on the west bank of the Farmington River, a half mile below Riverton, where Carlton Roberts now has a large asparagus farm. This farm was settled by the original Alford, who came from Wales.

Permit me for a moment to mention a few of the many, who have made, and are still making history for Barkhamsted:

Orlo S. Rexford, Barkhamsted's oldest surviving son, was born June 27, 1838 and resided here for 38 years.

Amanda Stannard Hart is the town's oldest lady, native born June 20, 1841, at the Hira Treat House on the Christian Turnpike on Wallen's Hill.

Hon. Dwight B. Tiffany, State Senator, manufacturer, lumberman, and banker.

Hon. Orville H. Ripley, dealer in and manufacturer of cemetery memorials, Judge of Probate and Representative, and president of the Day in to-day's proceedings.

His brother, Dr. Edwin M. Ripley who has been a leading physician of Farmington for over fifty years.

Hon. Dwight Case, Superintendent for twenty-one years of the Wm. L. Gilbert Orphan Home of Winsted, Legislator in the last session of the General Assembly held in New Haven, and his sons, Frank, whose valuable and interesting historical collection is attracting so much interest here to-day, was born in the Merrill Tavern at the "Hollow"; Capt. Harold S. who commanded Co. K of the 5th State Guard Regiment during the World War, and is

proprietor of a prosperous printing establishment in Winsted, and member of its Board of Education.

Burton Tiffany, and Samuel Case, both prominent farmers of their home town.

Hon. C. Albert Honold, Judge of Probate, legislator and leader in the politics of his town.

Hon. Frank J. Church, legislator and first selectman for many years. His son, Orville T. Church, on account of his fine record in the World War, was chosen Lieutenant of the so-called Composite Regiment of men who were selected from the whole A. E. F. by General Pershing, and who had all been decorated with medals for meritorious service—a body of selected soldiers full 2000 strong, whom Gen. Pershing led in proud array through the streets of London and Paris, as well as in New York and Washington at the close of the World War.

Carlton S. Roberts, leading farmer, specializing as grower of asparagus, the extent of whose crops are attracting attention in New England.

Hon. Lyman P. Case, chairman of your Sesqui-Centennial Committee, a leading druggist, Representative from Winchester for several sessions, and a valued member of the Board of Selectmen for that town.

Hon. Wm. J. Day, a leader in educational lines, Chas. LeGeyt, father and son, the Egglestons, Manchesters, Fraziers, and the Coes, and many more that in justice I should mention, but I become lost in the mazes of the Tiffanys and the Cases who for many years have been leading families in Barkhamsted.

It is said a stranger coming to the town could safely address the first 10 men he met as "Mr. Tiffany," and if he

noticed a look of surprise, might add, "I mean Mr. Case" and he would surely be right.

It is said that a relative of the honored Chairman of your Sesqui-Centennial Committee was at an earlier day, discussing the intermarriage and inter-relationship of these two families while spending an evening at the tavern; becoming lost (as I have done) in its complexities, he blurted out in exasperation, "Well! all I can say is, 'Relationship is the damndest ship that a man ever set sail in!'" And I sympathize with him deeply. So I feel that I might be justified on account of their importance and prominence in paraphrasing that famous Boston couplet of the "Cabots and the Lodges." "The Tiffanys only talk with the Cases, and the Cases talk only with God."

In 1871 it was stated that of the 400 voters in Canton eighty-four bore the name of Case and at least sixty in Barkhamsted.

Many interesting incidents have come to light in my researches, at least one of which I cannot forbear to rehearse.

Rev. Saul Clark was the third pastor of the Center Church, serving from 1819 to 1829. During this time a "revival" (a religious experience almost unknown to the generation of to-day) was being conducted in the old meeting-house; religious emotion ran so high that while it was at a white heat, the minister is said to have been seen to kiss one of the communicants present. This act created a great deal of comment and criticism. One person, evidently a budding poet of no mean station, who was present, is said to have composed the following doggerel:

"Parson Clark, the goll darned preacher,  
Kissed the wife of Amos Beecher!"

Barkhamsted's military history is an interesting one, but I have no time to even mention it and its heroes, and would refer you to the detailed history of its events—the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, Mexican War, and the War of the Rebellion—in the splendid account as described in the historical paper of Hon. Wm. Wallace Lee written fifty years ago, and printed in your Centennial records. The records of the World War with its sacrifices and its losses, are too fresh and too deeply written in our hearts to be detailed to-day.

Col. Israel Jones, Jr. of Barkhamsted commanded the 25th Regiment which was made up of men from this locality, after the Revolutionary War. The Rifle Company of Winchester, and the Grenadiers of New Hartford, were partially composed of Barkhamsted men. The Light Guard of Hitchcockville, with its showy uniform was one of the model companies of the state, and was commanded by Capt. Justin Hodge. Compulsory military training was required, but some of these companies were independent and their members took a good deal of pride in them. As a result, the regular militia, whose lack of drill and of uniformity of dress gave them a ridiculous appearance, were termed by the Independents as "Rag-toes." Several of the captains of the old artillery company also came from this town. In this connection I must note the distinguished service of Capt. Justin Hodge, who served both in the Mexican War and in the Civil War, and was promoted to a Colonelcy during the latter. The Colonel conducted a



Percussion Cap manufactory about 1865 for a time in Riverton. Here too little John Brown whose soul still goes marching on, played about the school house on "Goose Green," and under the famous "John Brown Oak" near by. This noble tree, listed in the Hall of Fame of New England trees, has at last succumbed to decay. It was here that Ruth Mills, oldest daughter of Lieut. Gideon Mills and mother of John Brown, married Owen Brown.

Miss Huldah Woodruff, daughter of Eben Woodruff, one of Barkhamsted's early inhabitants and a student at the school on "Goose Green" one noon went into the house of Capt. Daniel Richardson near by, together with his girls. She saw a tall young man sitting there. While standing near him, suddenly a pair of long arms were clapsed about her, and she found herself in the tight embrace of the since famous John Brown. Upon obtaining her release, she beat a hasty retreat to "Goose Green" and its sheltering school door.

Reference has been made to "Goose Green" at different times, but the reason for its name seems to be somewhat a mystery. Geese to the early settler were a pest and well regulated geese were expected to wear yokes about their necks when in polite society. I have a theory that here was located the "Goose Pound" (or house of detention) for I find in Winchester's town records under the year of 1806, the following significant vote:

"Voted: that every goose found in the highway, if any person shall take up such goose, and drive the same to the owner or to pound, shall be entitled to receive two cents for each goose or gander."



During the Revolutionary War, a number of people, loyal to Great Britain, and known as Tories, settled in Barkhamsted. A bitter feeling existed toward them among the soldiers and their children during and after the Revolutionary War. No indignities were too great to heap upon them. Their corn was cut while in the silk, their potatoes were pulled up while in blossom, their shade trees were hacked and cut, fences were torn down, etc. Consider Tiffany, who was one of these, came to Barkhamsted (afterward Hartland) from Lyme. He was a man of positive convictions, a member of the Church of England and loyal to the King. At one time he was a schoolmaster, and it was said of him when a teacher, that it was the first time that he had ever been in a school house. He was also a writer of poetry and an astronomer. He became a Sergeant before the Revolution. Sometime in 1778 he was confined on his farm because of his outspoken Toryism. His limit of movement was designated by a large oak tree which shaded his well. In 1899 this magnificent tree had attained a spread of one hundred feet with its branches and a circumference of trunk of twenty-one feet. After being confined for fifteen months, an effort was made for his release and he wrote the following letter (in part) to the committee having him in charge and under guard:

"Mr. Ensign: I understand that the committee are about to release me, being ashamed of their depriving me of that liberty as they did, fifteen months ago. I can answer the pretended committee that I never did anything that I am sorry for. More than that, I have done too much in favor of the United States, against genuine reason and the dictates of conscience and the unerring Scriptures, which

error I am unfeigned sorry for.—Sir, I suppose there may be two reasons that induce the committee to release me without asking them. The first a guilty conscience for abusing me without a cause, the second to dismiss me so that I can be drafted. I assure you and all men that I never intend to go to the camps. If I do I intend to fight for that side I think I ought to—therefore please so use your endeavors that I may remain happy as I now am, and you will oblige,

Your old friend,

CONSIDER TIFFANY.

Dated March 8, 1780.

Such was the stuff that martyrs and Tiffany's were made of.

The account of Barkhamsted's eleven school districts and the story of their educational triumphs, which are worthy of an historical paper of their own, I must leave for another, although I have much data.

Regarding her industries, they have already been referred to from time to time in a sketchy manner in this paper, but I cannot forego bringing you a picture of the thrift and progress in manufacturing as taken from official records at the Capitol in Hartford, of the branches of industry in Barkhamsted, as prepared October 1, 1845, by Daniel P. Tyler, Secretary of State.

Connecticut State Library  
Statistics  
of the  
Condition and Products of Certain  
Branches of Industry  
in Connecticut,  
For the year ending October 1, 1845

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Prepared from the returns of the  
assessors

By Daniel P. Tyler,  
Secretary of State.

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Hartford,  
Printed by John L. Boswell  
State Printer  
1846.

BARKHAMSTED

Axe Factory, 1; axes m'd 282, V. \$342; C. \$400; E. 2.  
Shovel, Spade, &c Factories, 2; shovels, spades, &c m'd V.  
\$665, C. \$300.  
Saddle, Harness, and Trunk Factories, 2. V. M's \$909; C.  
\$400; E. 2.  
Coach, Wagon &c Factories, 2. V. of m's \$8,703; C.  
\$6,500; E. 11.  
Chair and Cabinet-ware Factories, 2; V. of m's \$8,828;  
C. \$10,500; E. 14.  
Flouring Mill, 1; rye ground, 1,200 bu. V. \$800; corn,  
3,000 bu; V. \$1,260; buckwheat, 300 bu; V. \$150; total  
V. \$2,210.  
Tanneries 2; hides tanned, 1,200; leather m'd V. \$500; C.  
\$250; E. 1.

Boots m'd 250 pairs; shoes, 369 pairs; V. \$723; E. 3.

Palm Leaf Hats m'd 1,238; V. \$265.

Bricks m'd 75,000; V. \$300; E. 2.

Stone quarried, 190 feet; E. 1.

Marble, Curb, and Flagging Stone m'd V. \$2,000; E. 1.

Wooden-ware m'd V. \$1,375.

Lumber prepared for market, 531,000 feet; V. \$3,686.

Shingles m'd, 411,000; V. \$914.

Fire Wood prepared, 420 Cords; V. \$791.

All other articles m'd V. \$5,102.

Sheep, all sorts, 1,788; V. \$1,788; wool all sorts, 4917 lbs; V. \$1,721.

Horses, 161; V. \$6,021; neat cattle, 1,883; V. \$21,658; swine, 767; V. \$5,396.

Indian Corn, 6,094 bu; V. \$4,875; wheat 82 bu; V. \$109; rye 2,914 bu; V. \$2,331; buckwheat, 180 bu; V. \$90; oats, 5,465 bu; V. \$2,186; potatoes 12,138 bu; V. \$4,127; other esculents, 3,506 bu; V. \$1,135.

Hay, 2,226 tons; V. \$26,712; beans, 39 bu; V. \$39.

Fruit, 21,662 bu; V. \$2,214.

Butter, 33,953 lbs; V. \$5,093; cheese 103,895 lbs; V. \$6,234; honey 2,288 lbs; V. \$381.

Axe Helves m'd 146; V. \$32.

Sugar Shook Factories, 2; V. of shooks, \$514.

Boot Box Factory, 1; boxes m'd 1,300; V. \$364.

Staves m'd 42,000; V. \$232; wagon spokes m'd 3,100; V. \$91; oyster keg m'd 4,500; V. \$500.

Straw cutters m'd 60; V. \$180. Wagon hubs, 500 setts; V. \$375; beehives, 8; V. \$12.

Butter kegs m'd 300; V. \$75. Barrels, 80; V. \$101.

Clothes pins m'd 3,000 gross; V. \$300; awl helves, 64,000; V. \$128.

Pyroligneous Acid m'd 37 ½ pipes; V. \$450.

Maple sugar, 400 lbs. V. \$40; charcoal, 22,130 bu; V. \$1,030.

Rules m'd, 450 doz; V. \$235.

Hoe Handles m'd 250; V. \$13.

Distilleries, 5; Liquor m'd, 41 bbls; V. \$430.

Barkhamsted has many things to be proud of, but this one is indeed unique, and I gaze upon it in awe, for graved in imperishable marble I find within the confines of the Old Burying Ground, this significant record, "Rachel Mack, wife of John Mack—died February 31, 1831, AET. 52 years!" Oh, enviable Barkhamsted! What other town among the 169 of this noble commonwealth can boast of owning a February of 31 days!

Mention should be made of the Toll gates and their customs that are located on the different turnpikes of the town but I can only mention one, which was kept by Hezekiah Beach on the Greenwoods turnpike—just before it entered Winsted. The charge for passing through was 5 cents for a single horse and wagon. Mr. Beach was an earnest Adventist in his religious beliefs and had a date firmly set in his mind when the world would come to an end. As the night approached he disposed of all his household belongings and on the fatal night climbed to the roof of his house with his family, clothed in white robes and spent the night in prayer and song awaiting the great event. Somehow there was a mistake in his calculations, for the old world kept "wagging on."



And then the "Threshing Rock" up on Washington Hill, where the thrifty farmers of an earlier day were accustomed to spread out their ripe grain upon the broad surface of this flat ledge and drive their oxen back and forth over it, thus threshing out their grain according to Bible injunction.

Near by on the old road to the "Hollow" is "Kettle Rock", so hollowed out that tradition has it the Indians used it as a community mortar, where with pestles they were wont to crush their corn in quantity.

And now a word, as to the wonderful Centennial Celebration of fifty years ago to-day. Of the full complement of committees appointed at that time, I find that Mrs. Julia Case, Mrs. Dwight Case, and Mrs. Abbie Pease are the only ones among us to-day. I am told that food in abundance was furnished by everyone in town, and that so much was brought to the Town Hall that every available space was filled and it had to be served through the windows on the east side of the building to the crowd of three thousand people, as they filed by; and yet there was far more than the Biblical "twelve baskets full" remaining at the close of the day.

The Town Hall was erected in 1865.

One hundred and fifty years of struggle and discouragement, of success and achievement, of growth and progress! Who can tell the story? To-day you are hearing and seeing some of her glories. Meantime the grand old Town is steadily pressing on, making her enviable history.

So with hat removed, Fair Barkhamsted,

I drink to thee a toast!

Ave, Amati! Ave et Ave! et Vale!

Hail! Beloved! Hail, and all Hail, and Farewell.





MUNSON'S MILL

*Photo by Fred Berg*

## ADDRESS BY DR. WILLIAM L. HIGGINS

At the conclusion of this address, Mr. Ripley stated in speaking of the next distinguished guest who would address them:

Our next speaker, ladies and gentlemen, is a gentleman whom most of you know, if not personally, by reputation, a physician of much skill, a legislator of long experience, and at present the Honorable Secretary of State. If there is any one thing which he has done that has endeared him particularly to the rural communities, it is that he is the fighting exponent of better dirt roads. I am glad to bring to you, Dr. William L. Higgins.

Dr. Higgins spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, and I intended to say, Your Excellency, Governor Rogers, but unfortunately he had to leave early—Honored Guests and Citizens of Barkhamsted:

I want to thank your honored chairman for the generous and flattering introduction which he has given me. I wish it might be better deserved. I want to state to you that I shall depart from my usual custom on occasions like this and read largely from my manuscript in order that I may not ramble in my address. You will realize that it is difficult at the end of a long line of speakers to pick up the threads of argument and perhaps not repeat many of them, but I trust you will remember that if there are repetitions, which may be few, that "out of the mouths of two or three witnesses shall the truth be established."

Two weeks ago last Saturday when your twin sister, the town of Colebrook celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth

anniversary of her incorporation as a separate and independent township, the Rev. John Calvin Goddard, one of the orators of the day, took as a subject for his inspiring address "The Dignity of the Small Town".

If I were to choose a title for this brief address I think it would be "The Influence of the Small Town".

We find in the opening lines of "Thanatopsis" these words: "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language." To-day as we bring to you the felicitations of the State on this auspicious occasion, we congratulate you, sons and daughters of Barkhamsted on your priceless heritage; the peace and quiet of the countryside; your beautiful scenery, the grandeur of your rugged hills, the grassy dales; winding rivers and the stimulating and health-giving atmosphere, all of which have ever been conducive to physical, mental and spiritual uplift; and have aroused and invoked to high thought and action poets and authors of all times.

The pride and interest which we feel in our home town, community or nation is expressed in the words, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, This is my own, my native land."

So to-day our bosoms swell with pride when we contemplate the aspirations, the hopes and the achievements of the people of Barkhamsted.

This little town nestled among the rugged hills of Litchfield County was incorporated in the same act of the General Assembly as was Colebrook at its October session in 1779, three years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence and it has furnished its full quota, and



more than that, of eminent men and women who have graced and ornamented practically all of the learned professions and activities of life as they have gone forth from this, their native town.

Perhaps we may find food for reflection in the fact that the towns in this State before they were granted the privilege of incorporation were required to have already established an ecclesiastical organization, or to have demonstrated their financial ability and determination to do so.

Church and State were firmly bound together, and taxes were levied and collected for the support of preaching, the same as for any other public purpose. Possibly this is one of the reasons they took their religion so seriously. They had to pay for it.

The minister, parson or priest as he was variously called, often stayed a lifetime serving one church and community and he was often the leading, if not the dominating character of the town. He fitted the young men for college, he comforted, counseled and consoled the aged, advised and guided the youth and was universally revered and respected, and in many instances it could be said of him, as we find that it was said of the preacher in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village", "And still they gazed and still their wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew."

The town hall was usually located in the basement of the church. In those early days, nearly every town had at least one member of the legal profession who was called the "Squire". Often his duties took on activities not usually connected directly with his profession. He was generally a justice of the peace and many times he was a conscientious objector to threatened litigation.

So with these two learned men, the preacher in the pulpit above and the lawyer leading and guiding in the civic affairs of the town in the meetings below, the religious and governmental affairs were well handled; and from the House of Worship and Town Hall combined, emanated the controlling, dominating influences of the town.

As an example of the tenets upon which the town of Barkhamsted was founded I would like to recite the following incident:

In 1774 when the town had increased to about forty families, sundry young men who were freeholders petitioned the General Assembly that they might be incorporated and granted town privileges that they might give better encouragement to the interest of religion, education and good order, and have authority to suppress vice and immorality in their midst.

Again to show local conditions, and the need for brave hearts and courageous minds, in 1780 the financial condition of the people of the town was such that a petition to the General Assembly for a relief from State taxation was made and granted. In that petition it was stated that there was only one man among them who could be said with truth to be aforehand. The reason for their plight was explained as due to the rugged and mountainous surface of the township, together with two high granite mountains, and composed to a large extent of soil, stony and unfit for cultivation. This condition calls to mind the reply of a noted statesman in Congress when he was asked, "What do they raise in New Hampshire?" "Men", he answered.

Men have been born and reared in Barkhamsted and have gone forth to enlist in practically all the various activities of life, captains of industry, clergymen, lawyers, educators and pioneers in various walks of human interest.

The religious and patriotic sentiments of the people may be reflected I think in their attitude toward the great questions of the day.

Our several wars in which the nation has been engaged furnish an apt illustration. Barkhamsted has a military record of which it may be justly proud.

Many of its citizens were imbued with that spirit of the ancients who questioned, "And how can man die better than when facing fearful odds for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his Gods."

Many of the notable men of this town enlisted in the Revolutionary War, one of whom was Lieutenant Gideon Wells, grandfather of John Brown; another, David Lee, stood guard over Major Andre, the spy.

Several enlisted in the war of 1812, and three served in the Mexican War. I think the records show that at least seventy-seven men from here participated in the Civil War.

It is recorded that during that war the patriotism of the people of the town was raised to a pitch of utmost intensity. Public meetings were held frequently, and patriotic resolutions adopted. Bounties were voted and enlistments were many. Nevertheless, a few with an instinct for self-preservation and possibly harboring within their bosoms feelings of disloyalty to the Union, started for Canada to avoid service in the army, which caused the inhabitants in Special Town Meeting convened to pass the following resolution:

Voted: Whereas a most dangerous and alarming epidemic, which though manifesting itself in numerous and divers forms in different subjects, is still traceable in most cases to the protean cause of an enormous and rapid increase of the White Liver, has recently broken out, and is rapidly spreading, not only through our own town, but over this entire section of the state, threatening, if not speedily checked or suppressed, the total extinction of our entire able-bodied white male population between the ages of eighteen and forty-five; And whereas it is believed that the adoption of prompt sanitary measures are necessary, and will speedily check, if not entirely suppress the further progress of said distemper, be it therefore Resolved: That the selectmen be directed to have published in the Winsted Herald the names of all persons who have, or shall present to them, any certificate of exemption from liability to perform military duty, together with the specified cause for which such certificate was granted."

Apparently every man was to do his duty or his fellow townsmen were going to know the reason why.

In the great World War, Barkhamsted was proportionately abreast with other communities in its supply of men, funds, and general support of all activities to win the conquest.

In closing, I desire to state that in any opinion, Barkhamsted is typical of the average New England town as to her people and as to her various interests, aspirations and accomplishments, and as to beauty of scenery and healthfulness of climate. And it is from just such towns as this that many of our foremost men and women of the nation



have sprung, of which I need to mention but a few, among them as notable examples which you all know was Abraham Lincoln, born in a log cabin and became President of the United States and emancipated the slaves; Jonathan Trumbull, born in Lebanon, War Governor during the Revolution and friend and counselor and also advisor of George Washington; Jared Sparks, President of Harvard College, born in Willington; William Cullen Bryant, poet and journalist, born in Cummington, Mass., about forty miles north of us on this same range of the Green Mountains. And in Buckland a few miles from there, was born Mary Lyons, a pioneer in the cause of higher education for women and also the founder of Mt. Holyoke College for women. Then we have Captain Nathan Hale, the martyred patriot, born in Coventry, died in New York with the memorable words upon his lips, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Then there was Jonathan Edwards, born in what was then the little town of Windsor, and who is, I believe, considered by competent judges, the greatest theologian of all times, although probably not many, if any of us subscribe to his doctrine that "Hell is paved with infants skulls." Coming nearer to our present location, we find that Ethan Allen, who captured Fort Ticonderoga, was born in Litchfield, as was General Oliver Wolcott, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

John Brown, the great anti-slavery advocate, was born in Torrington. However misguided in some of his activities, his influence was great in promoting the cause of freedom for the slaves, as was also that of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was born in Litchfield, as also was her illustrious brother, Rev. Henry Ward



Beecher, for many years the brilliant and talented preacher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

These few remarks, comments and brief citations will, I trust, impress you as the facts contained in them have impressed me; with the natural inferences to be drawn from them; of the influence in the State and Nation of the small town which under our form of government is in a large degree free and independent, and of which Barkhamsted is typical.

Long may she live!

## ADDRESS BY MR. GEORGE B. UTLEY

In regard to the next feature on the program, Mr. Ripley spoke as follows:

I am very sorry to say to you that the next speaker, Mr. Utley, was unavoidably delayed, or I should more accurately say, he was called back to his work and is unable to be present. Mr. Utley is a lineal descendant of one of the covenant members of this church. He is very loyal to the town of Barkhamsted. He comes here every summer to spend his vacation, and we regret exceedingly that he is unable to be present.

I will further say that Mr. Utley was the secretary of the American Library Association and succeeded to the office of President of that Association. At present he is the librarian of the famous Newberry Library of Chicago. His address which is not long, will be read by our most efficient and able secretary, Mr. Henry C. Gidman.

Mr. Utley's address as read by Mr. Gidman was as follows:

### MY NEIGHBORS AND FELLOW-TOWNSFOLK:

It is a deep disappointment to me that I can not be with you on this historic occasion, but imperative business requires my presence in Chicago and so I am deprived of this opportunity to greet old friends and make new ones, to break bread with you under these venerable trees and to enjoy the exercises of this day.

Your committee has been good enough to invite me to participate in your program, and so, unable to be with you

in person, I have taken the liberty to place on paper a few words for another to read, to express my appreciation of your committee's invitation and of my hearty realization of the historic import of this day in the annals of Barkhamsted.

Although my chosen vocation has carried me far from my native hills and valleys, I do not forget Connecticut, the state of my birth, and each year I look forward with keen zest and pleasure to the brief summer period which is usually spent at my ancestral home in Pleasant Valley. For my roots are deep in this old town. In Riverside Cemetery sleep my grandfather and grandmother, Marcus Burwell and his wife, Harriet Squire; in the Riverton Cemetery lie my great-grandparents, David Squire and his wife, Lurema Gilbert; and in the peaceful little burial ground a few steps down the hill from where you are meeting rest the mortal remains of other great-grandparents of mine, Daniel Burwell and his wife, Abigail Pardee. Both David Squire and Daniel Burwell were soldiers in the Revolution, the latter suffering the rest of his life from the effects of British imprisonment in the months following the battle of Long Island.

It is pleasant to-day to meet and pass enjoyable hours together; so pleasant and so agreeable that these evident and apparent results fully justify this meeting and the time and thought which our Committee has expended in making the event a success, but in this surface enjoyment let us not forget that there is a deep historic significance to an anniversary celebration such as this.

The roots of New England are deep in our country's history, and our consciousness that this is so is quickened

and intensified by taking note of these passing milestones. These centennials and other observed anniversaries are markers on the way of town, state and national progress. By such things does history become real and take on living significance. By the reverent observance of these birthdays do our children comprehend the heritage which is theirs; by them we exemplify our teaching of patriotism and loyalty and make that teaching plain so that he who runs may read.

Savage and barbaric peoples do not commemorate past events. Neither do they have vision for the future or take thought for the morrow. Civilization dawned when men began to record their acts and take pride in the accomplishments of their ancestors. When our forefathers came across the seas and conquered inclement nature in this virgin wilderness they immediately began to vindicate their worthiness of possession, first by accomplishment, and second by the faithful recording of those accomplishments. That is why our neighboring town of Colebrook is conscious of having a sesquicentennial to celebrate; that is why Marblehead and Boston are commemorating by fitting ceremonies three hundred years of civic life and social democracy. And that is why we of Barkhamsted are to-day recalling that event of 1779 which called into incorporate existence this town we love and which we are proud to call our home.

The able historian of this occasion will, I am sure, remind you of the service of Barkhamsted to state and nation in the past fifty and one hundred and fifty years, and I will not attempt to usurp his pleasant duty by referring to facts which he is much better qualified to present than

I am. Let me be content to call to your attention the undoubted fact that these contributions to our public life would have been of far less importance and significance if the men and women who rendered them had not been inspired by the examples of other men and women who in this and other communities had performed nobly for the public welfare. And how did they learn of these performances? By word of mouth and by the printed page as recorded in the proceedings of such historic gatherings as this.

There are in the Newberry Library, in Chicago, over which I have the honor to preside, among its half-million books, some sixty thousand volumes on the history of America, national, state and local. Many thousands of this number record the quiet, placid but steady progress of towns and communities such as ours. Take from that collection of books all printed accounts of centennial and bi-centennial gatherings such as this and the gap would be large; the loss to our knowledge of American development immeasurably great. One of the volumes which has an honored place in such an historical collection as our Connecticut State Library, so ably administered by my good friend George Godard, the state librarian, or in the Newberry Library, of Chicago, is the little book edited by William Wallace Lee, setting down in permanent and dignified print the addresses and proceedings of this town's centennial fifty years ago. Let us on this day salute the memory of that loyal friend of Barkhamsted, William Wallace Lee, and express our gratitude to him for his labor of love in the careful and scholarly preparation of that book, as well as his other publication in which he recorded



the names and services of Barkhamsted men who served in our country's earlier wars.

Those of us who have wandered from these Barkhamsted hills and have found our work in the broad lands beyond the Alleghenies, realize more than do those who have stayed by ancestral hearthstones how great a debt the West owes to New England towns and villages. In the 1820's and '30's the stream of migration started, trekking over the hills to the Erie Canal and on by that newly constructed artery to western New York and thence on into Ohio, the Western Reserve and the "Connecticut Gore". By the '40's and '50's the seekers after government land passed into Indiana, Illinois and then on into Iowa. So great was the New England outpouring during those momentous decades that the Middle West became almost more New England than New England itself. It was a drain on the life-blood of these older communities and the fact can not be overlooked. If any carping critics attempt to minimize the progress made by these old New England rural communities and belittle their contribution to national progress let them be shown the part that towns like Barkhamsted and Colebrook and Hartland have had in the building of such cities as Cleveland, Indianapolis, Chicago, Des Moines, and other prosperous cities of our great Middle West. The centenary of a Connecticut town truly has its echo across the broad rich prairies away through to that vast region "where rolls the Oregon".

Not all of those who have been a credit to Barkhamsted had ancestors who came in the *Mayflower* or its sister ships of the seventeenth century. Many of our worthy citizens who have contributed much to the progress of the town

have either themselves made the journey to the new home beyond the western sea, or else their immediate ancestors have done so. Mary Antin, who herself has found on these hospitable shores the Promised Land from persecutions in her native Russia, has said that every ship is in truth a *Mayflower* which brings across the seas those who seek freedom and the opportunity to develop their own lives in social relations to others with kindred purpose. In so far as these seekers after new homes assimilate American ideals and lend hand and heart to the betterment and enrichment of our national life they should be welcomed to share in the heritage we so jealously guard. In so far as they fail to comprehend the spirit of America and attempt on the other hand to overthrow what has been built at such cost, they are a menace to our American institutions. No small part of the significance of this anniversary celebration is the fact that these "newer Americans" who have found their way to Barkhamsted have been, not a menace, but a constructive element in its social and civic life. Service to America, not the number of years spent in America, is, after all, the right measuring stick to apply.

But the significance of this day is not alone in the past and in those things which Barkhamsted men have written into the pages of our state and national history. If Barkhamsted had no future the celebration of its past would be but an empty gesture. But we have faith that this little community will continue to play its part. True, times change and with them customs and ways of life. Our rivers do not turn the mill wheels they turned fifty years ago, and some formerly productive acres have reverted to the original forest growth. But development has not

ceased; it has but changed its form. There are fewer "deserted farms" than there were twenty years ago. Those seeking relief from the congestion and nerve strain of city life have found it in our pleasant valleys and on our pine-clad hills. Improved transportation and communication have enabled many to live here whose business is located in neighboring towns. A new generation of Barkhamsted boys and girls have as their playground these eternal hills where you and I romped and played as children. A new generation is growing up who will love Barkhamsted and think of it as home no matter how far from it they may wander in adult life. But they will carry on Barkhamsted's traditions and contribute Barkhamsted's share to the nation's life as their fathers and mothers have done. As a boy in my teens I attended one of these centennial gatherings in the '80's. The memory is with me yet, and many boys and girls are sharing in this day's events who will remember them their long lives through. This too is a part of the significance of the day. For fifty years to come the memory of this day will be an inspiration to the young men and young women present.

This day is history recorded. Let us see to it that in the days to come the kind of history is made which we shall not be ashamed to record.

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While Mr. Gidman was reading Mr. Utley's address, black clouds began to gather and rumblings of thunder to be heard. Before the speech was quite concluded, the storm broke and the audience was compelled to seek cover. This prevented other brief addresses which were to follow and the singing of "America" which was to con-

clude the program. But despite this unexpected ending, the day was a notable one in the history of Barkhamsted and one whose memory will long be an inspiration by reason of the uplifting sentiments expressed and the good fellowship enjoyed.

It may be interesting to note in passing that a count was taken of those present who had also attended the Centennial anniversary fifty years before and it was found that one hundred and fifty persons had enjoyed both celebrations. They have seen many changes in this half century and several have kindly given some interesting recollections of those past days. These recollections are included in the following papers.







SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

*Photo by the Clinton Studios*

## THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

It seems but fitting that this volume, which chronicles so much of Barkhamsted's early history, should include a short sketch of the town's tribute to her patriots of the four American Wars.

This square shaft of Barre granite, twenty-three feet in height, was made possible through the generosity of Hon. Walter S. Carter, and the co-operation of more than three hundred others, within and without the town. It was on May 30, 1895, that a committee was appointed, to make and carry out plans for the erection of a suitable war memorial, consisting of Hubert B. Case, chairman, James N. Howard, Monroe Hart, Frank L. Stephens, and Orville H. Ripley.

There was considerable agitation over the matter of a suitable location for the monument. Though many favored the lot west of the town hall for a site, the old "parade ground" was finally chosen, and the monument was erected about eight rods south of the former location of the old meeting house.

It is interesting to know the manner in which the matter was decided. Each subscriber to the monument fund was allowed one ballot for each dollar subscribed. The vote of the townspeople was for the lot west of the town hall, but those from outside, who favored the site finally chosen, carried the day.

The monument faces the south, and below the crossed flintlocks and wreath is the inscription tablet of solid bronze bearing the following:

THE TRIBUTE  
OF THE  
PEOPLE OF BARKHAMSTED  
TO THE  
MEMORY OF HER SONS  
WHO FOUGHT TO  
ESTABLISH, DEFEND, AND PRESERVE  
THE NATION.

---

ERECTED 1897.

The tablet on the east side lists the names of one hundred and thirty men who fought in the War of the Revolution, 1775-1783.

That on the north, forty-seven who served in the War of 1812, and of eight who fought in the Mexican War. That on the west side lists one hundred twenty-seven who served in the War of the Rebellion, 1861-1865.

On the north side a smaller tablet has been added bearing additional names obtained since the dedication September 10, 1897. The War of the Revolution six names; the War of 1812-1814, one; the War of the Rebellion, fifteen. Though the writer was present at the dedication in 1897, after a lapse of nearly thirty-three years, he finds it necessary to draw from the printed record of that day the following outline of the occasion.

The monument was dedicated Friday, September 10, 1897. It was a beautiful day and fully twenty-five hundred people gathered at the Center to listen to the speaking, to witness the unveiling, and many of them to take some part in the exercises. The program commenced promptly

at ten o'clock. The procession formed in front of the Congregational Church, and, headed by Captain Henry R. Jones, marshal of the day, assisted by his aids, James N. Howard, Jerome Manchester, Watson Deming, William J. Martin and Fred H. Jones, marched to the Center Cemetery, where a hollow square was formed about the monument.

Hubert B. Case made the presentation speech, and handed a list of names of the more than three hundred persons who had assisted in the undertaking to Wallace Case, first selectman, who accepted the monument on behalf of the town of Barkhamsted.

In the afternoon, Orville H. Ripley, President of the Day, introduced the speakers; William Wallace Lee of Meriden, gave the historical address; Emma Carter Lee of Springfield, Mass. had written a poem for the occasion, which was read by her husband, Rev. Samuel H. Lee. Hon. Walter S. Carter, of New York, delivered the oration, and Governor Lorrin A. Cook of Winsted, Judge Lucius M. Slade of Bridgeport, Edward P. Cone, Rev. Lemuel J. Richardson, Colonel Justin Hodge, and Captain Henry Jones spoke briefly. The benediction was offered by Rev. Augustus Alvord of Barkhamsted, and the program closed with a band concert by the Winsted Cornet Band.

As I write this in what was, in days long past, the ball-room of Squire Merrill's Public House (and, as early as 1823, the lodge room of Northern Star Lodge No. 58, F. and A. M.), I look out the window to the east, and my gaze rests upon this shaft of enduring granite, which stands upon its slightly eminence guarding, like a sentinel, the last resting place of many of Barkhamsted's heroic dead.

Beautiful in line, stately in form, its record inscribed in imperishable bronze, it shall be to generations yet to come, a silent and inspiring tribute to her noble sons.

HENRY C. GIDMAN.

Kirkstane.

Barkhamsted, Connecticut.



## REMINISCENSES

by

ORLO S. REXFORD

Born June 27, 1838, who lived in Barkhamsted 38 years and in his present house in Winsted for 50 years.

The new Meeting House, as it was called then, was completed about 85 years ago, when I was about six or seven years old.

Religious services in the Old Meeting House had been kept up until this time. I think I am the only person living who remembers attending service there.

There was a forenoon preaching service and an afternoon service with an hour's intermission, Sunday School during the noon hour. I remember being in one of those square pews with a class of small boys. Orville Howd, a relative of the Center Hill Howds, was our teacher.

I remember, too, sitting during preaching service with my father in a pew on the left of aisle near the door. I do not think there were any women in the pew, and I wonder if women did not occupy, to some extent at least, seats by themselves. My grandfather, John Rexford, walked up the aisle near the pulpit and went into a pew on the right. I should think these pews were about eight feet square with seats on all four sides.

There was a gallery on three sides. The pulpit was narrow and nearly as high as the gallery, and reached by steep winding stairs.

At this time my father belonged to the Barkhamsted Militia Company, and once he took me with him to see

them drill. They met then just in front of the Old Meeting House.

Up to about this time every able-bodied man between eighteen and forty-five years was enrolled as a military subject, and must do duty when called on or pay a fine. As I remember it, there was not much of military glory connected with this company. Nothing to make me want to be a member of a militia company or a soldier. Men had no uniform, and I don't think much pride or interest in what they were doing. Not long after military training came to an end in Barkhamsted.

The first militia company in Barkhamsted was organized a little before the town was incorporated and Pelatiah Allyn was chosen captain—he was the first white settler of the town.

Israel Jones, son of the second settler of the town, was chosen lieutenant.

I am not sure but this was the company of which my father was a member, with no changes except new officers were chosen occasionally and younger men took the places of those who reached the age limit.

Captain Allyn was my mother's grandfather and both he and Lieutenant Jones were prominent in town affairs as long as they lived.

For some reason Barkhamsted was not represented in the Legislature until seventeen years after the town was incorporated, and was first represented by Israel Jones and Pelatiah Allyn at the October session, 1796. Two sessions were held each year, October and May, and during the eighteen years that followed the town was represented by

Israel Jones seventeen times, and by Pelatiah Allyn twenty-two times.

The first settler of the town, Pelatiah Allyn, had but one son and both he and his son died and were buried in Barkhamsted. All his other descendants, except my mother, moved to Ohio in 1835 or before.

[Note—Mr. Rexford passed away January 19, 1930.]

## PLEASANT VALLEY RECOLLECTIONS

by

MRS. HENRY P. LANE

The intervening years since Barkhamsted's Centennial have brought many changes to Pleasant Valley and not all of these have been for the best. Older people who remember the bright, witty sayings of Mrs. Edward Young, Miss Harriet Atwell and Miss Agnes Bowen, will wonder why I was asked to write any thing, but the main reason seemed to be because I was old enough to recall "the days of yore" and have watched the gradual changes made by time in our village.

Pleasant Valley has become the summer home for many families, as all business has disappeared. Baker's sash and blind shop, the carriage shop, later known as Roger's Rake Shop, Cannon's forge, where sleigh shoes were made, and even Tommy Doolittle's blacksmith shop have gone, and the buildings housing them have been razed and used for other purposes. The Eggleston paint shop is still in use at times, S. J. S. Rogers is doing business at the Corners, and we have a new store and post office, so there is evidence that the Valley is not on the down-grade. Nearly every family has an automobile to transport the wage-earners to work, and most of the homes have running water and electricity, conveniences unknown to most of us at the time of the Centennial, and the lawns and gardens surrounding our homes are trim and well-kept.

The late Walter S. Carter of Brooklyn, gave us the beautiful Riverside Cemetery, and also contributed toward



VII OF PLEASANT VALLEY

Photo by Virgil C. Taylor





improvement of the church and parsonage and removed the old building opposite his old home and made other changes. A few places are still retained by descendants of the old families—Marcus Burwell's by his grandson, Dr. George B. Utley, librarian of Newberry Library, Chicago, since 1920; John Howd's by his granddaughter, Mrs. Dorothy Rice Post, of St. Louis; the Jones' place by a granddaughter, Mrs. Eveline Street of New Haven; all used as summer homes, and the Joseph Eggleston residence, by his grandson, Howard D. Eggleston.

## RIVERTON MEMORIES

The village was first named Hitchcockville in honor of Lambert Hitchcock, a leading citizen and manufacturer of the famous Hitchcock chairs. The factory was built in 1825 and at present is the home of the Raley Rubber Company. In 1853 the manufacturing of the chairs was discontinued and a plane manufactory was carried on until 1864. The name of the town was changed to Riverton in 1866.

The First Congregational Church Society was organized April 19, 1842. The Church was built the following year. St. Paul's Episcopal Church was built in 1829.

One of the early taverns is the Riverton Inn, which is over a hundred years old. It was the headquarters of one of the stage lines and the old stone hitching-post and lamp-post still stand in the hotel yard.

Another old landmark is the residence of Leon A. Coe, built in 1828 by Mr. Coe's grandfather, Captain Reuben Pinney. It was known as the Pinney's Hotel and was headquarters for the stages running between Hartford and Albany, via Riverton.

Much has been said about the Barkhamsted Lighthouse and the following will explain its origin: A halfbreed of the Narragansett Indian tribe from Block Island married a white woman in Wethersfield. They settled on the west branch of the Farmington River, about half way between Riverton and Pleasant Valley. They had a large family and were known as the "Lighthouse Tribe." Stage drivers leaving Riverton for New Hartford, coming in sight of



MAIN STREET, RIVERTON

*Photo by the Clinton Studios*





the cabins would say, "We are within four miles of port, there is the lighthouse," and the mystery of the lighthouse is explained.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

The following regarding the Centennial fifty years ago is most interesting:

For the Centennial, held September 10, 1879, a committee was appointed consisting of residents of Riverton, Pleasant Valley and Barkhamsted, three members of which are still alive, all of whom were in the Barkhamsted group.

Mrs. Samuel H. Case, who is eighty-four years of age, lives with her husband during the summer in their old home on Washington Hill. Mr. Case is ninety-one years of age.

Mrs. Dwight S. Case, just entering her eighty-sixth year lives in Winsted. Mr. Case is eighty-six and a double cousin of Mr. Samuel H. Case.

Mrs. Abbie Case Pease, lives in New Hartford.

Mrs. Samuel Case has written a few of the things she remembered:

I well recall the Centennial celebration of this town, September 10, 1879, when the many sons and daughters came back to renew old friendships and make new ones. The various committees had worked hard for several weeks previous, to make this event a success. A platform had been erected on the west side of the Center Church for speakers and officials. A dining table was spread on the lawn for their use, and the Town Hall packed with food for visitors and townspeople. There were three divisions of the procession, one starting from Riverton, one from Pleasant Valley and the east one from the Hollow store and Frank A. Case



*Photo by courtesy of Mr. John R. Reitemeyer*

A GROUP OF OCTOGENARIANS WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE CENTENNIAL  
CELEBRATION HELD SEPT. 10, 1879  
AND AT THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL IN 1929

Seated left to right: Mr. Orlo S. Rexford, Mrs. Samuel H. Case, Mr. Dwight S. Case, Mrs. Trevett Barnes, Mr. Monroe Hart, Mrs. Frances Beecher Cleveland, Mr. Burton Tiffany.



was marshal. There were fifty mounted horsemen, a drum corps, modern horseback riding by Miss Hattie Howd and Henry Wilcox, primitive riding by Clarence Fitch with Mrs. Belle Wilcox on pillion, also Robert Vosburg and Miss Minnie Peffers, followed by a two-horse carriage with the orator of the day, Hon. M. E. Merrill of Hartford, an ox cart gaily decorated in which thirteen ladies representing the thirteen colonies dressed in old time costumes. Their full flowing skirts, poke bonnets, muslin kerchiefs, bead bags, and lace mitts attracted much attention. Others drove in similar costume. The line of march was west, past the schoolhouse, church and Town Hall, to Center Hill road, south to William Tiffany's, east to A. Stewart's, and back to Center Church.

After addresses by M. E. Merrill and William Wallace Lee, poems by Mrs. Chloe Carter Lee and Elisha W. Jones, and others, dinner was served. Speakers and officials were seated at the table. For the others a line was formed passing along east side of Town Hall and from the windows wooden plates, piled high with ham, biscuit, cakes, doughnuts and cheese were passed out until it was estimated that three thousand people were fed, free of charge, and many basketsful left. This food was solicited from every family in town, and all generously responded.

Mrs. Dwight S. Case, writing about the changes time has brought says:

I spent over forty years of my early life in Barkhamsted and I can hardly realize that forty more have passed since I left, but I shall always cherish the memories of past associations with our old neighbors and friends, most of whom are gone.



While Barkhamsted may have lost in population in the last fifty years, some of her natural resources are much sought after by neighboring cities. The pure water that flows through the east branch of the Farmington River is much needed by Hartford to aid its water supply, and the State is buying her forests.

## THE FIRST HOUSES

Barkhamsted has some interesting old buildings, one of the most notable being

### THE OSCAR TIFFANY PLACE

In 1762 Simon Baxter conveyed to Thomas Goss of Granville, lot 102 next to Hartland town line. Goss built the house now standing in 1765. Here he kept a tavern for many years, it being on the road from the iron mines in Salisbury to Springfield where much of the ore was taken. Much traffic passed that way. During the year 1784 Goss became insane and murdered his wife, for which crime he was hung at Litchfield. The plea of insanity did not count in those days. Early in 1800 Charles Beach owned this property. In 1822 it was sold to David Reid and in 1825 he sold to Daniel Tiffany, who died here in 1878 at the age of 83, and his wife died in 1830 at the age of 31. The place descended to his son, Oscar, and daughter, Sarah, and was sold to Theodore Platovoet in 1905. This is the oldest house standing in town. When first built it had a gambrel roof, but it was remodeled by Mr. Tiffany, who added the second story as it is now.

### THE HOWD PLACE ON CENTER HILL

Of historic interest is the Howd Place on Center Hill.

In 1769 Aaron Miller of Windsor purchased this lot on which he built his house and then sold to William Austin, Jr. The same house is still standing and in fair condition. After the death of the Austins the place was bought by Salmon Howd, Senior, who came from Southington.

Mr. Howd died here in 1842 at the age of 74. His wife, Rhoda, died in 1835. His second wife, Sarah Rexford, died in 1872 at the age of 88. After Mr. Howd's death his son, Salmon, came into possession. He died in 1873 at the age of 64. His wife, Maryette Hayden, died in 1884 at the age of 75. The next owner, Elwyn Howd, son of Salmon, died in 1913 at the age of 68.





*Photo by courtesy of Mrs. Burton Tiffany*

#### INTERIOR VIEW OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE

The pulpit was built on the north side of its interior, and was large and high with a huge sounding board hung above it. There were steps leading into the pulpit from the west side, with a plain board seat built in at the back for the minister. On each side of the pulpit were two pews, the one next to the stairs being for the minister's family. In front of the pulpit was a deacon's seat with a hanging table attached. The gallery, protected by a breast work, was constructed around three sides of the church, and the stairs leading to it were in the southeast and southwest corners; a square pen was built over each staircase for the use of colored worshippers and was known as "Nigger Heaven". The singers were located in the front seats of the gallery and behind them were pews occupied by boys and girls who were old enough to sit apart from their parents. About 1823 a bass viol was introduced into the choir to lead the singing, which greatly disturbed the older members, who strongly protested against "Fiddlin' in meetin'."



## THE OLD MEETING HOUSE

One of the most interesting of Barkhamsted's ancient buildings was the old meeting house built in 1784 on the site now occupied by the Soldiers' Monument. The founders of Barkhamsted were of the old Puritan stock and the life of the community centered around this building.



*Photo by courtesy of Harold S. Case*

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE

The church, using the common term of to-day, was built in 1784. It was forty by fifty feet with twenty-four-foot posts and a high sloping roof. The timbers were of massive white oak. According to old records, there were twenty thousand shingles used, all of which, including the clapboards, were cut from an immense pine tree standing where the soldiers' monument now stands.

The old pulpit was directly over what is now the grave of James Tiffany. This building was used until about 1862. The old building was eventually sold to the Greenwoods

Company of New Hartford, and some of the timbers were used in their buildings at the west end of the reservoir.

The house now occupied by Charles Simons was built for the pastor of the church about 1820. Between this house and the residence of Henry Gidman stood a "Sabbath Day House" which was built in 1784. It was used many years by those members of the congregation who came from a distance, as a place to stay between long morning and equally long afternoon services. The large stone step at the south door is now in use at Henry Gidman's home, and the one at the west door is used by Charles H. Simons. Between services the women would take their foot stoves to Squire Merrill's Public House, now "Kirkstane" the summer residence of Henry C. Gidman, to get fresh coals.

Judge C. Albert Honold has kindly furnished the following copy of covenant members of the Barkhamsted Congregational Church, 1838:

Widow of Deacon Aaron Allyn  
 Widow of Alford, Hitchcockville  
 Wife of Nehemiah Andrews  
 Wife of Ralph Andrews  
 Wife of Lyman Atwater  
 Wife of Daniel Burwell  
 John Burwell and His Wife  
 Whitman Burwell and His Wife  
 Wife of Mark Burwell  
 Orrin Burwell  
 Joel Bunnell and His Wife  
 Widow Oliver Case  
 Ezra Case and His Wife  
 Wife of Andrew Case  
 Wife of Carmi Case  
 Newton Case  
 Hiram Case  
 Japhet Case

J. Homer Case and His Wife  
 Wife of John Case  
 Widow Theresa Case  
 Wife of Sylvester Case  
 Lester Case  
 Joseph Carter and His Wife  
 Wife of Evits Carter  
 Wife of Samuel Church  
 Wife of Jarvis Frazier  
 Wife of Enoch Gains  
 George Gains and His Wife  
 Milton Goodhue  
 Rev. W. R. Gould and His Wife  
 Mary M. C. Gould  
 Almena Giddings Balon  
 J. Hall Hart and His Wife  
 Widow Levi Hart  
 William Hart

Sarah Hart	Wife of Lemuel Richardson
Wife of Luke Hayden	Marcus Rose and His Wife
Ursula Hitchcock	Amoret Rose
Salmon Howd and His Wife	Wife of John Roberts
Agustus Humphrey and His Wife	Eli Roberts
Electa Humphry	Wife of Chauncey Rice
Harriet Humphry	Ralzamond Rust
Chauncey Ives and His Wife	Truman Rust
Wife of Johnathan Johnson	Wife of John Root
Titus Johnson and His Wife	Peleg Shepard
Ralph Johnson and His Wife	Clarrissa Shepard
Widow Mother of Orville Jones	Widow of Alvin Squire
Wife of Mr. Loomis, Hitchcockville	Bela Squire, Jr.
George Merrell and His Wife	Seth Squire
Hannah Merrell	Wife of Lyman Slade
Widow Lucy Messenger	William Stillman and His Wife
Lucy Fidelia Messenger	Timothy Tiffany, Senior
Martin Moses and His Wife	Deacon Joel Tiffany
Marcus Moses	James Tiffany
Medad Munson and His Wife	Anne Tiffany
Wife of Chauncy Munson	Levi Tiffany and His Wife
Wife of Barnabas Moses	Bela Tiffany and His Wife
Rolin Newell and His Wife	Wife of Timothy Tiffany, Jr.
Wife of Elisha Pettibone	Romanta Tuttle and His Wife
Wife of Elisha Payne	Deacon Virgil Taylor and His Wife
Ebenezer Pike and His Wife	Widow Whiting
Wife of John Pike	Louisa Whiting
Hiram Pike and His Wife	Seldon White
Jared Rexford	Widow Loditha Wright
John Rexford	Widow Thomas Wilder
Wife of Daniel Rexford	Thomas Wilder and His Wife
Stuben Rexford	Harriet Wilder
Widow of John Rockwell	Widow Lois Wilcox

## THE ENGLISH BERKHAMSTEAD

by

PERCY C. BIRTCHNELL, BERKHAMSTEAD, ENGLAND

As can be seen, Barkhamsted has an honorable and interesting history, perhaps because it is kindred to one of England's ancient and worthy towns. Mr. Birtchnell has kindly sent the following about the English Berkhamstead:

Few towns dig so deeply into the roots of English history as Berkhamstead—the ancient Hertfordshire town, some 26 miles northwest of London—from which Barkhamsted derives its name. That it was inhabited at the time of the Roman conquest is proved by the coins of that period which have been dug up in the town from time to time; and antiquarians have stated that Berkhamstead was a home of Offa, the great Saxon king.

Berkhamstead made its first important debut in history in 1066—a memorable year for England, as, indeed, it was for the whole world. When William the Conqueror made his historic march across England, it was at Berkhamstead Castle where he halted to receive the crown from the remaining Saxon noblemen. William afterwards returned to Berkhamstead on a number of occasions, and the castle became a regular residence of several successive monarchs.

Berkhamstead has many buildings and places of interest which prove her fame in years gone by. In the heart of the town there is one of the largest parish churches in England—a structure as sturdy as it was it when was built in 1222. This building, incidentally, was used as a hospital by Cromwell during the English Civil War. Two or three hundred

yards from the church there are the ruins of the mighty castle, with its deep moats and imposing earthworks. And dotted here and there, in many an odd corner of the town, you will find mellow old timbered houses that have seen three or four centuries pass by—buildings that belong to rural England and have no counterpart elsewhere in the world.

And celebrities? Berkhamstead was the birthplace of William Cowper, the poet; the Black Prince resided in the castle between his sallies with the Crusaders; and Queen Elizabeth spent many months of her early life at Ashridge, a monastery, just outside the town.

Thus, briefly, is the old Berkhamstead—a town of ten centuries of authentic history. Who knows but that the new Barkhamsted—when, perhaps, old Berkhamstead is dead—will enjoy a similar life of historical importance?

With a history rooted in worthy deeds both in the Mother Country and in our own beautiful valleys and mountains, the sons and daughters of Barkhamsted cannot but help carry onward the torch thus lighted, and such days as this Sesqui-Centennial celebration make it burn more brightly to cheer and inspire to ever nobler achievements.













